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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

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For the Register.

ILL EFFECTS OF INJUDICIOUS TRANSLATION.

MR. EDITOR,—Professor Bush in his introduction to "Memorabilia of Swedenborg," accounting for his extraordinary mission and visions as founder of the "New Jerusalem Church," has the following sentence; "This is the second Advent of Jesus Christ, which was announced to occur about the close of a great prophetic period of 1260 years" &c. This period, he further says, "we learn from the predictions of Daniel." In this he adopts the current and universally received opinion of all commentators on Scripture prophecy, as far as I know, from Sir Isaac Newton down to Prof. Stuart, and Rev. A. P. Peabody, who says, in his *anti*-Miller discourse, published, some two or three years since, in the Register; "The word here rendered *time* literally means the fixed standard of duration; and it has never been questioned, nor does it admit of question, that it here means a year."

The first time of meeting with the remarkable phrase here alluded to, is in Daniel vii. 25. And they [the saints] shall be given into his hand, until a *time and times and the dividing of time.* This has been made to signify 1260 years by interpreting it as three years and an half brought into days, and each day prophetically standing for a year. In saying this, however, it is not intended to insinuate that all commentators, as above, agree in comprising as many prophetic years as there are literal days in three years and and half. This exception, if it be allowed, reaches not to the sense, given to the *time, times and half a time*, as Daniel uses the terms in defining what he foresaw in the future destiny of mankind and the Church. What I now propose, in relation to this particular case, is to show, that the volumes of discussion and attempts to throw light upon Scripture prophecy, by relying on Daniel's *time, times and a half*, as the key stone of the arch, as the chief instrument in laying open the counsels of Heaven, in regard to the coming of God's kingdom among men, is an error, and this error is the fruit a defective translation. My object may be obtained, though I should make no effort to point out the precise extent of the prophet's scope in the words under consideration; but still it may be in point to state, that, in reference to time, every thing is studiously indefinite, not to be brought into the account, but referred to limits fixed in the purpose of God, as all events are in the general plan of a superintending providence.

The vision opens in mid-way of the progress, which the Assyrian empire is making towards its close; and this presents us with a *time* divided. Then follow the other three, and give us a *time and times*, answerably to the prophet's designation. These earthly, or bestial, kingdoms being at an end, another, the kingdom of the saints, succeeds, and swallows up all its predecessors, and is not tied down to fixed limits as they were, but is universal in dominion, and does not pass away by yielding to others its place and preeminence, according to the doom, which await all the kingdoms that men establish and hold in defiance of truth and righteousness. Now let us see what would have been the effect, if the translation of the original Hebrew word had been uniform. Granting that "*time, times and the dividing of time*" in Dan. vii. 25, be a good rendering, and the same had been carried into verse 14, we should have it thus; "His dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, which shall not be *for a time* &c. Now, let this be the reading, as a judicious translation would have made it, and what man on earth would say, that *time* in this prophecy of Daniel means a year? that the prophet was contrasting the durability of Christ's kingdom with that, which marks the fluctuations and brief existence of the monarchies, which had risen up and perished, by saying it should not be for a *year*? The absurdity would be so glaring, that no call would be made for corroboration in other similar cases. The error would attest itself, and no argument for this purpose would be needed, such as I had once prepared, *in extenso*, for the public eye; but now forbear to repeat, lest, by pursuing the enemy too far, I should incur a defeat. A rebuff might be the consequence, in the very ungratifying response; You are so prolix, you must not be read.

As a small confirmation, however, of the idea, that by *time*, according to the rendering as above, is not *a year* but a period of any length, as God may have appointed, and is therefore called *a set time*, I will refer to Psalm cii., 13. "Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favor her, yea the *set time* is come." Habakkah ii. 3., "For the vision is *for an appointed time.*" Now, will common sense hesitate, for a moment to decide, that a *time* in these texts cannot mean *a year*?

J. F.

COMMENT ON THE FOREGOING.

Our respected correspondent, who, we know, is for having every opinion thoroughly canvassed, will of course welcome a few strictures on any error he may himself advance. In the first place, he conveys the impression that Prof. Stuart and Rev. A. P. Peabody "comprise as many years as there are literal days in three years and a half." The fact is directly the contrary; they directly oppose such an interpretation.

Secondly, the word translated "time" in Dan. vii., 25,—is not the same with that which our correspondent notices in Dan. vii., 14. In the former case (we will give the *sounds* of the words in the original as nearly as we can) it is *iddanen*, a *derivative noun* from the root *awthath*, (*th* sounded here as *th* in the English pronoun *that*,) which signifies *to compute, to reckon*,—for instance, *days*, or *time*. Hence the noun derived from it naturally means *time, year*. It means year in Dan. iv., 16, 23, 25, 32.

On the other hand the word in Dan. vii., 4, is *athaw, a verb*, an original *root*, and not a derivative; it is a *Chaldaic* word, as is the former, and is the same with the Hebrew verb *awthaw*. Now a reference to other passages where this verb is found, will show that it means *to pass, to pass away*, and cannot by any construction mean what our correspondent says "a judicious translation would have made it." It is found in Dan. iii., 27,—"Nor the smell of fire *had passed* on them"; also, in Dan. iv., 31,—"The kingdom *is departed* from thee"; also, in Dan. ii., 21,—"He *removeth* Kings." The corresponding Hebrew word *awthaw* is found in Job xxviii., 3,—"Nor has the fierce lion *passed by it.*" Of course the obvious translation of Dan. vii., 14, is,—"His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which *shall not pass away*.

Thirdly, the word in Ps. cii., 13, and in Habakkuk ii., 3, which our correspondent quotes, is still *a different word from both the others*. It is *moathe*, a *derivative* Hebrew noun from the root *yaw-ath*, which means *to indicate, to appoint;* for instance, *time;* hence the noun, *appointed time*.

To explain this law of derivation still farther. From the Hebrew root *awthaw*, (same as Chaldaic *athaw* in Dan. vii., 14,) comes the word *ath*, (*th* in all these words sounded like *th* in the pronoun *that*,) which signifies *transit, passing away*; for instance, of *time;* hence, *perpetuity of time, eternity*. Of course, our correspondent's argument is altogether without adequate foundation, and the instance he has here presented of "injudicious translation", is one which is not only judicious but absolutely necessary.

We cannot close without a stricture on the article on the same subject with the present, in the Register of Oct. 23. Our correspondent quoting from Dan. xii., 10, "Many shall be purified",—(which is correctly translated, and which he leaves as it is,) passes to Dan. vii., 11, 26,—"I beheld even till the beast was slain and his body *destroyed.*" "They shall take away his dominion to consume and *destroy* it unto the end",—and urges that the word rendered in our translation *to destroy* ought to be rendered as in Dan. xii., 10, *to purify*. Now the fact is, they are totally different words in the two chapters, having only a single letter in common. In Dan. xii., it is *bawrar;* in Dan. vii., it is *avath*. The former is a *Hebrew* word and means *to purify*, viz., *from the defilements of idolatry and sin*. The latter is a *Chaldaic* word meaning to destroy, and is found also in Jer. x., 11,—"The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall *perish* from earth." So with the corresponding Hebrew *awath*.

We cannot imagine what can have misled our correspondent so far out of the way. Our own strictures are all based on the authority of the Lexicon of Gesenius, and the obvious meaning of passages besides those in question.

[ED.

For the Register.

WORDS USED TO EXPRESS BOTH THE UNITY AND THE DISTINCTIONS IN THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY.

In an article translated from the German of Dr. Twesten, Professor in the University of Berlin, and published in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" for 1846, we find different words employed to express the distinctions in the Trinitarian Godhead. The words are the following; *Substance and Subjects, Essence and Subsistences; Nature and Persons; Being and Hypostases; One Substance, but three Subjects; one Essence, but three Subsistences; one Nature, but three Persons; one Being, but three Hypostases.* It is easy to make arbitrary distinctions in the signification of words. But when we come to fix the definite *import* of those words so as to preserve the distinctions, then comes also the *difficulty*. We can easily make a distinction between substance and subject; between an essence and a subsistence, between a nature and an Hypostasis; between a being and a person. But when both *oneness* and *personality*, are attributes of each, then immediatly the discrepancy becomes apparent and insuperable. We all allow and maintain that there is but *one* God; one divine Being, one divine Nature; one divine Essence; one divine Substance. We, also, all maintain that God is personal; a *personal* Being; a *personal* Essence; a *personal* Substance; a *personal* Nature. We, moreover, all admit and maintain that there may be different and many *subjects* in, and of, the same generic *substance*; many persons in, and of, the same generic *nature;* different and many *subsistences* in, and of, the same generic *essence*. There are for instance, many different individuals of *mankind*, yet they are all of one and the same nature; many different *lions*, but all lions exist in, and of, one and the same *nature*.

In these instances the oneness and the distinctions are easily made and preserved. For the former is *generic*, but the latter are *particular* or individual. And personality implies *individuality*. There may be a nature, a being, a substance, an essence, which are not *personal*. But if a being be *personal*, he must also be individual. What is personality? In what does it consist? What does it imply? We will answer on the authority of Dr. Hopkins, President of William's college, whose Orthodoxy is undoubted. In an able article from his pen, "on the argument from Nature in proof of a Divine Existence," published in the "Quarterly Observer" for 1834, he raises and discusses the question of the Divine Personality. What is it? The Dr. proceeds to define personality in its relation to God, and determines it to consist in three properties; "*Reason, self-reflection* or consciousness, and *free will.*" And he evidently intended, *one* reason, *one* consciousness, *one* free will. For more than one reason, consciousness and will, would constitute more than one divine person. If, in the Divine Being, there be *three* Divine Intellects, must there not be three personal Gods? Why not? How could the fact be otherwise? If three human intellects constitute three human persons, must not three divine intellects constitute three personal Gods? We obtain our idea of personality from our idea of a man. We describe and define personality by defining and describing an individual and proper *man*. And when we attribute personality to God, we do it by transferring certain properties—those which constitute his personality—from human nature to the Divine Nature. The personality of each must be essentially the same.

Dr. Twesten maintains the doctrine of one Divine Substance. He will also admit—he cannot do otherwise—that this Divine Substance is *personal*. For, otherwise, how can there be one, and but one, personal God? If personality belong to the substance, in the aggregate or abstract, it must imply personal unity. But if it belong to the several *distinctions*, then the *substance*, abstractly or aggregately considered, must be *impersonal*. Such is the fact in regard to human nature. Though it contain many individual persons, yet human nature, human substance, human being, human essence, collectively taken, is impersonal. The *personality* belongs to the *individuals*. It is impossible that the fact should be different.

We may with propriety think and speak of *generic man;* of the human race as *one*. But this generic man is not a *person*. There is no such thing in existence, as a generic individual intellect, consciousness, or free will. The very ideal of such a thing is self-contradictory. If there could be a generic human intellect, and also besides as many human intellects as there are persons in the world, there would be one *more* human intellects than there are human persons. And does not this amount to a contradiction. On the same principle, if the one Divine Essence be *personal*; and there be three Divine Persons subsisting in this Divine Essence, then, of course, there must be *four* Divine Persons. For the substance itself being personal, is, of course, one person; and the three which subsist in it, being added to the one, make the number *four*. Such a doctrine, however, all will pronounce to be false and self-inconsistent. There is but one alternative for Trinitarians, if they would be self-consistent, which is, either to consider the Divine Substance as generic and impersonal, containing three Divine Persons; i. e., three Divine Intellects, Consciousnesses and Wills. This will be Tritheism. No mistake in regard to this point. Or to consider the one Substance of the personal Godhead as acting in three distinct offices, as Creator, Savior and Sanctifier, and thus resolving the doctrine of the Trinity into modes of divine operation. And this will be Modalism; Sabellianism. In either of these positions there is self-consistency. But to maintain one personal substance and yet three distinct personal subjects, in that one personal substance; or, one personal essence and yet three personal subsistences in that one essence; or, one personal nature, yet three personal hypostases in this one nature; or, one personal being, containing three distinct personal individuals, is no other than talk at random; language without consistency; assertion without sense. For what is a personal *subsistence* but a personal *substance?* what, a personal *essence* but a personal *subject?* A personal *being* but a personal *hypostasis?* A personal *nature*, but an individual. Divest a substance, an essence, a nature, a being, of its *individuality*, and it becomes impersonal. Invest a substance with *personality*, and it becomes an individual. Personality is inseparable from individuality. Pantheism excludes individual Divine Personality. Equally so, does Trinitarianism, unless it be Tritheism or Modalism. There can be no generic God in a sense different from that of generic man. As the latter is impersonal, so, likewise, must be the former. A personal God implies the same *kind* of unity as a personal man. No distinct conception of a difference is possible. If you doubt, solve the doubt by making the experiment.

S. F.

For the Register.

THE DOMESTIC OR NATURAL RELATIONS, NOT CEMENTED BY SPIRITUAL AFFECTIONS, TRANSIENT: ONLY SPIRITUAL RELATIONS PERMANENT.

"Spiritual union with the holy who are departed and who yet live, is the beginning of that perfect fellowship which constitutes heaven. It is to survive all ties. The bonds of husband and wife, parent and child, are severed at death; the union of the virtuous friends of God and man is as eternal as virtue." [Dr. Channing.

"We are not to suppose," as has been justly remarked, "that it was any want of filial or fraternal affection in Jesus, that dictated the questions, *Who is my mother! and who are my brethren?* as if he were indifferent to these relations. Jesus, we know, was a dutiful son and an affectionate brother. He discharged the domestic obligations with perfect integrity. He loved his kindred by birth and blood none the less because he loved his disciples and mankind more,"—with a more expansive and disinterested love. His was a love all pure from the leaven of earthly passion,—from that animal, instinctive and selfish fondness, which we sometimes hear praised, as a virture,—was indeed heaven-wide from that blind, irrational, exclusive passionateness, which is often the principal ingredient in the love of kindred,—in the conjugal, parental, filial and fraternal relations. We not seldom see this love, so engrossing, so overweening, as to concentrate and lavish upon its objects the entire thoughts, the whole mind and heart, to the exclusion of all the better and higher and more spiritual affections of the doting idolators of these objects, which may be, or may prove to be, utterly unworthy of this exclusive, idolatrous love. Nay, it often works the bane of its indulged and petted objects; and soon or late ruins the idol upon which it dotes. So thousands of foolishly fond, indulgent and doting parents have found to the destruction of their dearest earthly hopes and happiness, when they have been made, like poor old Lear in his misery, to feel and exclaim,"

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
"To have a thankless child."

When our Lord, turning with outstretched hands and a countenance beaming with affection upon his disciples, said so sublimely in the sun-like glow and expansiveness of that all-embracing love, which filled his divine soul, *Behold my mother and my brethren!* behold those, who by their purer spiritual attachment supply the place to me of the nearest kindred,—when he thus said, he did not intend to depreciate, or teach us to deem lightly of the natural affinities of blood and birth, or of the early felt and universal attraction of one sex to the other, leading to the marriage union, the source of all the other domestic relations. We are taught to recognize in these affinities and relations, if in anything, the manifest wisdom and goodness of the Creator. Surely, if in anything, the Father of our spirits and framer of our bodies, so fearfully and wonderfully made, must have meant it a special provision for our happiness, when he implanted in our frame those mysterious instincts, affections and sympathies, which prompt, which hallow and bless the voluntary and life-lasting union of man with woman in his own appointed institution of marriage. From this union truly and beautifully sings the divine bard of Paradise lost,—"from marriage,

"Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure,
"Relations dear and all the charities
"Of father, son and brother first were known,
* * * * * * *
"Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets."

Yes, poets have sung and novelists have painted, from time immemorial, and they still sing and paint the passion and the affections, that were designed to make and do sometimes make the wedded pair inseparably one and ineffably dear to each other. The poets and novelists have also sung and painted, and still sing and paint the charm, the sympathies, the endearments, the sweet confidencies, the household affections and joys, with which a stranger intermeddleth not, which it was intended should, and do sometimes grow out of this union. And often as they have sung and painted the happiness of home,—such a home as the Creator designed should grow out of the instincts and affections, which he has implanted in our frame,—a home,

"Where supporting and supported,
"Congenial spirits and dear relations
"Meet and mingle into bliss;—

often as such a home has been sung and painted in verse and in prose, it is still a theme, that delights and charms the imagination of young and old. It is what all the innocent and pure minded in youth anticipate; it is still the cherished ideal of the mature, who have missed it; it is hoped for even, or something analogous to it, in a higher sphere, when the actual home of earth, as is the lot of very many, has been the reverse of the ideal.

For such is the imperfection of humanity, and the domestic relations are so often assumed in the blindness of passion, in the levity and giddiness of unreflecting youth,—the parties so often come together in mutual ignorance of each other's character and temper,—are so often the deluded dupes of their own imagination which creates the idol it adores,—oftentimes too, after the illusion is dispelled by further acquaintance, the point of honor cruelly exacts a consummation of the engagement,—not seldom, moreover, the union is basely mercenary,—or it is a mere convenience,—or it is formed without a serious thought of the real purpose, the momentous interests, the far-reaching and solemn duties and responsibilities which it involves,—it, therefore, so happens, oftener than is acknowledged or known to the world, that this heaven-appointed relation, designed to be the source of the purest and best joys of earth, as it is the legitimate source of all the natural affinities of family and kindred, becomes a yoke of bitter bondage, which makes of life *a sore travail* indeed, and home a sad and joyless sojourn, and the grave a welcome and blessed refuge. So it is, when the domestic relations are commenced in ignorance, in mutual error or deception, or in reckless indifference to every thing beyond the gratification of a transient impulse

"So little know," as was long since said by the sublimest poet and sage of England,—

"So little know the many of our race,
* * * to value right
"The good before them, who pervert best things
"To worst abuse, or to their meanest use."

Thus it so often happens, that a relation, which was designed and, if "advisedly, discreetly and reverently" commenced and cherished by the parties, is adapted to be man's chief joy and the sweetest solace of life, is certain to prove his bane and the grave of his dearest hopes and happiness, when from any cause there are brought together in this relation heterogeneous elements, incompatibilities of temper, incongruities of tastes, habits, views of life, and qualities of mind and character, which make them well nigh as wide apart from each other, as two beings of a different species.

Milton, in the bitterness of his soul, having in remembrance the wormwood and the gall of his own incongruous alliance, puts into the mouth of Adam in his indignant reproach of Eve for having been tempted, and then tempting him to transgress by eating the forbidden fruit, the following prophetic picture of the infelicity, that should befal man in seeking to obey the promptings of the strongest instinct of his nature by marriage,—a prophecy which had become history in Milton's experience.

* * * * * * "Either
"He never shall find out one fit mate, but such
"As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
"Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
"Thro' her perverseness, but shall see her gained
"By a far worse, or if she love, witheld
"By parents; or his happiest choice too late
"Shall meet, already linked and wedlock bound
"To a fell adversary, his hate or shame,
"Which infinite calamity shall cause
"To human life, and household peace confound."

When from any cause these natural relations, the conjugal, the parental, the filial, or fraternal, do not bring with them, or there does not grow out of them that reciprocal affection, that pure, disinterested love, which, when commenced discreetly, virtuously and fortunately, and cherished religiously and wisely, seldom fails to accompany and make them happy,—it is a consoling consideration that these relations are only temporary—that they cease with the life of the body—that having their origin in the instincts and passions of the animal nature, they terminate with our animal life. The temporary purposes or objects of these relations being accomplished, they are no longer necessary; and no law human or divine requires, or indicates their continuance or renewal, when the parties no longer exist in bodies of flesh and blood, but in spiritual bodies in a spiritual world; and in the resurrection state, says our Lord, "*they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven.*"

Such is the law, as I have said, pertaining to all the relations which have their origin in the instincts and passions of the animal nature. It is so with all the inferior animals. The instinctive affection, the tenderness, that unites the parent pair, and the instinctive fondness and care for their offspring, both alike cease when the ends for which they were made to exist are accomplished. The parents repulse their offspring, they drive them from their presence when they no longer need their care; and the parent animals and their offspring mix with the herd or flock of their kind and have no apparent recognition of each other, or of the temporary relation they once sustained. So it is with the conjugal, parental, filial and fraternal human relations, when they are merely instinctive, when they neither bring with them at their commencement and there does not grow out of them a higher and purer affection—that disinterested love and spiritual union, which alone will survive the body. They being merely animal, instinctive, and purely selfish, cease of course with the animal life, i. e. of the body. And such are most of those unhappy unions, which, as the muse of Milton has bitterly sung,

"cause infinite calamity
To human life, and household peace confound."

Surely these relations will not be recognized and made binding in a future life. They are cancelled by the death of one of the parties, and the survivor is free to contract another union. Such unblessed relations, formed and continued here with no reference to a future life,—the parties coming and continuing together with no higher sentiment than belongs to their animal nature,—they having no community of religious faith, of religious affections or interests, no *taking sweet counsel together* upon their religious duties, aspirations and hopes, there is wanting to the parties that ennobling sentiment, that sacred bond which hallows, which purifies, which exalts and gives strength and endurance to the natural, instinctive attachment and civil compact; and their union consequently is only a union of animated clay, and not of the soul or spirit. Spirits can be united only by spiritual ties, by affections that are as enduring and undying as our imperishable minds. Where therefore, these spiritual ties, these higher and purer affections do not exist mutually—where they are felt and cherished on one side and are not reciprocated, and where there is incurable incongruity and mutual repugnance in the domestic relations,—or where these relations have never been formed, and the heart and the spirit in their loneliness yearn and cry out for sympathy, for an affection, a reciprocated love, a union all holy and spiritual, that shall survive the body and satisfy the soul,—it is graciously and freely proffered to all who will accept it by accepting and reciprocating the pure, spiritual, heavenly love of Jesus, which he so deeply and disinterestedly felt and so explicitly and impressively declared, when he turned to his disciples and with a look of celestial benignity and affection applies to them names of the tenderest and dearest of earthly affinities, and which he applies to all of every age and every nation, to every one *that doeth the will of his Father, which is in heaven; the same*, he says, *is my brother and sister and mother.*

Where the domestic relations exist and are cemented and hallowed by pure and spiritual affections and by religious sympathies and hopes in the present life,—yes all relations of pure affection and friendship whether between individuals of the same or different sex,—these relations in the heavenly world will doubtless be renewed, or rather continued in blissful unions, analogous to the happy unions and relations on earth. The earthly and temporary purposes and ends of these relations having ceased with the body, only that which is purely spiritual and divine in them will be retained and perpetuated in heaven. This pure and spiritual union of mind with mind of soul with soul,—this "communion high and dear," of friend with friend, this spiritual sympathy, this holy and heavenly companionship with each other, with Christ and God, all may enjoy forever who will commence it here by joining themselves in heart and spirit to the community of believers, the household of faith, the loving and pure in heart, the spiritual kindred of Christ including all the pious, benevolent and well-doing in heaven and on earth. Happy indeed, unutterably happy, will be the reunions, or new relations of the purified, the loving and like-minded in that community of the blessed in heaven.

"There friends and kindred dear shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more,—
And with celestial welcome greet
On an immortal shore.

Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange;
Nor cease with ever-new delight
"On wings of love to range."

"Jesus has declared the superiority of the spiritual to the natural ties. He elevates the connections of the good with each other above the tenderest attachments of kindred." The relation of his disciples with one another and with himself is a spiritual relation of love and holiness, of similitude of heart and mind. And this, exist in whom it may, is a pledge and earnest of heavenly felicity and fulness of joy. In doing the will of God we are allying ourselves to all the excellent of the earth, to all the holy and blessed in heaven. "The good are bound together and joined to God and Jesus by the ties of an everlasting sympathy. The golden chain of love, which has been let down from heaven, joins all below to one another, and all below to all above." How fit and beautiful, coming from the loving disciple, whom Jesus specially loved, is the exhortation in his catholic epistle,—his epistle, i. e. to all people,—*Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; for the world passeth away and the lusts thereof. But he that doeth the will of God abideth forever. The same*, said JESUS, *is my brother, and sister, and mother.*

J. F. S.

THE GRAVE.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction, to forget; but this wound, we consider it a duty to keep open. This affliction we cherish, and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that has perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget a tender parent, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend, over whom he mourns?

No, the love which survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish, and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was, in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may, sometimes, throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry! No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn, even from the charms of the living.

Oh, the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! But the grave of those we love—what a place for meditation!—There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded, in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness, of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities!—the last testimonies of expiring love!—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand!—the last look of the glazing eye turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence!—the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Aye, go the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited; every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature above the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning, by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

W. IRVING.

LEIGHTON'S FIDELITY IN THE MINISTRY

Besides the services of the Sabbath, there was usually one or more lectures or sermons preached during the week; the parishioners were regularly visited from house to house, the whole as punctually examined, particularly the young, the instruction of whom it was an important part of the ministerial function to superintend; both by inspecting the schools, and inquiring into their progress in religious and useful learning, and by their visitations at their homes, to watch over their moral training; a species of education, the last especially, the fruits of which were abundantly manifest in the next generation, which was destined to bear the fiery trial of a twenty-eight years' furnace. Leighton, whose delight was in his work, it may easily be imagined, would not abridge any of the necessary duties; and all his biographers concur in stating, that he was the most assiduous in discharging the various branches of his sacred office. "He diligently visited the poor of the flock, was ever to be found in the chambers of the afflicted, and by the beds of the sick or dying. He promoted personal, domestic, social, and public religion to the utmost of his power, by precept, example, and prayer."

THE BIGOTRY OF THE DEIST.

True religion never produces fanaticism or bigotry. The greatest fanatics I ever knew were infidels, the greatest bigots were Deists. They are the only men who will give you no liberty to think for yourself, while they strenuously claim that liberty for themselves. They remind me of the man who declared to one who disputed with him, that this was not a free country; he could not do as he pleased. "How so," said his companion; "can't you do as you please?" "Why, yes, pretty much, but I can't make *you* do as I please."

ATHEISTIC SCIENCE.

"No doubt, every study requires to be tempered and balanced with something out of itself, if it be only to prevent the mind from becoming "einsaitig" or pedantic; and ascending higher still, all intellectual study, however comprehensive, requires spiritual study to be joined with it, lest our nature itself become einsaitig; [one-sided;] the intellect growing, the higher reason—the moral and spiritual wisdom—stunted and decaying. I believe that any man can make himself an Atheist speedily, by breaking off his own personal communion with God in Christ; but if he keeps this unimpaired, I believe that no intellectual study, whether of nature or of man, will force him into Atheism; but, on the contrary, the new creations of our knowledge, so to speak, gather themselves into a fair and harmonious system, ever revolving in their brightness around their proper centre, the throne of God. *Prayer, and kindly intercourse with the poor, are the two great safe-guards of spiritual life—its more than food and raiment.*" [Dr. T. Arnold.

COLERIDGE, THE POET.

We have got Coleridge's Literary Remains, in which I do rejoice greatly. It is refreshing to see such a union of the highest philosophy and poetry, with so full a knowledge, on so many points at least, of particular facts. But there are marks enough *that his mind was a little diseased by the want of a profession*, and the consequent unsteadiness of his mind and purposes; it always seems to me that the very power of contemplation becomes impaired or perverted, when it is made the main employment of life." [Ib.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

[Concluded.]

LETTER VII.

DEAR INQUIRER,—On my journey westward, I had skipped Albany, as being hardly far enough from home for missionary labors; but now, on our return, could not pluck up courage to pass it wholly by. I had notified the Secretary of the Society there of my desire to pass Monday with the Albany flock, either in social converse or pulpit instruction, as might seem best. *All* the *few* really interested members of the Society were accordingly assembled at the beautiful little chapel at candle-lighting, and we held what our Indian brethren would call a *palaver;* for it was neither sermon, lecture, nor anything, in short, but palaver. I had happily lighted upon a reverend brother from the East at the Delavan House, and whipped him into the traces, and must here thank him for the excellent work he did. I never felt more sure of the final success of the Albany Society, than after that pleasant evening of perfectly frank and straight-forward talk about the past and the future of that somewhat fragile but exceedingly interesting church. The Albany Society is like Wordsworth's blind beggar, that "moved altogether, or not at all." It always seems to be either high water or dead low tide there! I have seen no intermediate stages, after very numerous visits. I shall not soon forget the confidence with which the over-flowing attendance of the citizens upon the first Unitarian lectures delivered there, inspired my inexperienced hope! I saw a flourishing congregation, in the mind's eye, at no greater distance than a twelve-month! Nor shall I soon forget the sombre days of the Convention, to say nothing of sundry experiences of empty pews since! I can truly say, that I have hoped more and despaired more, (and passed oftener and quicker from one to the other,) of the Albany Society, than of any parish that has ever interested my good wishes! For instance: finding at this very time that our friends there were desponding, I somewhat rashly volunteered to return and preach two Sabbaths; and right happy was I that I had thus committed myself; for it has rarely happened to me to address a more interested and interesting throng than that which filled the Albany church in the four services I held there. It seemed impossible that, after all the novelty of the matter had gone by, so numerous an assembly should come together to listen to Unitarian preaching, without furnishing sufficient ground for confidence that a flourishing society could be gathered.

The truth is, that Albany is a very hard soil,—a dull, phlegmatic community,—in which every thing goes by prescription. I doubt whether any patience of labor would effect what is wanting there. The field there does not want careful tillage; it wants a breaking-up plough. Nobody can succeed there who has not something besides truth, merit and scholarship, to recommend him. Popular talents are clearly indispensable, to attract those whom nothing but the expectation of hearing something interesting and exciting would draw to a Unitarian church. It may be said that these will succeed anywhere; and it is true. It may be said also, that success gained by these is not necessarily the success of truth. But I speak of a cause which *is* true and good, and which demands popular talents to recommend it; and I feel, besides, that success in Albany is more important than anywhere else within our ken. The very difficulty of succeeding shows the necessity of doing so. I am satisfied, that the moment the dam which now confines the liberal sentiment of Albany is once punctured, it will give way with a surprising rush. It would not amaze us to see one of the most intelligent, influential and numerous societies in the State gathered at Albany within five years, by a man of sufficient gifts to awaken general attention and inspire general confidence. We are not to consider the labor already spent there as lost. Any tolerably interesting preacher of our faith can, with short notice, have a full hearing there. There has been a great deal of very able doctrinal preaching by the late pastor; and now it remains only for a man of religious zeal, and earnest and stable character, to go in and gather about him those who are weary of a form of Christianity which they cannot believe, and a view of piety which does not win their hearts.

The Albany society has a church, exceedingly pretty and suitable within,—worth, perhaps, $7,000, under a mortgage of about $3,000. It reckons upon annual aid to the amount of $500 for the next three years, from the American Unitarian Association, and the New York Unitarian Association, and on an income of $800, perhaps, from pew rents. Its pecuniary condition, therefore, is not discouraging. To a young man willing to spend a few years in laying the foundations of wide usefulness, where the field shall be wholly his own, the influences fresh and peculiar, his own liberty entire, and his work appreciated and aided in the liveliest manner by a few choice spirits, we can recommend Albany as possessing extraordinary attractions. Nor must I omit to say, that no parish possesses individuals of more zeal, intelligence, Christian temper, and companionable qualities, than the Albany parish. Many a large society furnishes not a single hearty, working parishioner; not one thorough-going minister's man, to hold up the falling hands of its prophet; but Albany has more than one!

I confess myself to be a little weak on this subject. Albany is on my blind side. I have a kind of parental eye for it, and I hope to continue under the delusion, if it be one, that our church there has a fine constitution, although subject to weakly turns, which we could wish were ascribable to too rapid growth! I am happy to know, that regular services are provided for this society for the next six weeks, and we hope a settled minister will come before the frost.

And here, in order to complete the account of our churches in this State,—excepting our city and Brooklyn societies, which it becomes me to say nothing of,—I must be guilty of an anachronism, and splice into the present journey a brief account of a visit I made to the Troy church, some two or three weeks before I started on this missionary tour.

The Troy society has such a spirit of independent life, that it gets little sympathy. It is rather able to give, than in a condition to ask, moral support. There is a kind of stubborn resolution stamped on the face of this parish, which seems to say, "We exist by right of the truth, and we have no other idea than that of a very thrifty and happy existence." Some parishes look supplicatory, anxious, faint, and call forth all your sympathies. You are eager to dash the waters of life into their pallid visage, or feel that you are just in time to save their swooning form from the ground. The Troy parish has a self-possessed, confident, "reserved power" look about it, and you are made to feel that it is quite as much your privilege to preach as theirs to hear. This is refreshing and rare, out of New England.

The Trojan Unitarians do not worship in a wooden house, but they have a chapel whose length bears about the same proportion to its breadth. Indeed, to change the figure, the chapel seems to have been pulled out another joint within a year; and we could wish it might never stop elongating, only that it would soon be necessary to have preaching at both ends! And yet it is surprising how neat and tasteful a place this parallelopiped chapel has been rendered by the painter and grainer. The Rev. Mr. Pierpont's services are very highly appraised in Troy, and I do not doubt his society will grow into one of the fairest of our sister churches. I

should have more to say of Troy, if it did not speak so well for itself.

Our visit to Troy furnished us our first and only opportunity of hearing Cathedral worship. At the beautiful Episcopal chapel built under the munificent patronage of Mrs. Warren, in connection with an Orphan Asylum also supported by her, we listened on Sunday afternoon to Evening Prayer, chanted by two priests and a choir of perhaps forty girls, divided into two parts and led by some half-dozen adult singers. The Rev. Dr. W. of New York, my agreeable state-room companion on my voyage up the river the previous night, had urged us to hear this service, which I had promised to do, but with no expectation of being otherwise than unpleasantly affected by the chanting of all the prayers in a monotonous sing-song by the officiating priest. I was not a little agreeably surprised to find the effect neither offensive nor undevotional; and when the monotone in which the whole of each prayer was sung by the minister was closed by the harmonious Amen of the full choir, the effect was delightful. The officiating priest had a voice which would be a fortune to a public singer. The choir of orphan girls, as they responded from opposite sides in the chanting of the psalms, or joined in full chorus in the Gloria in Excelsis, produced a kind of music which melted our hearts into the most luxurious flow of devotional sentiment. How long this would last is doubtful; but it is due to the service to say, that we have rarely seen a Christian assembly wearing a more engaged and devout aspect. A choir of adult hirelings would not fill the place, however, of those motherless children, whose very uniform of orphanage and dependence sung a harmonious minor chord of appealing music, heard under the delicious tones of their infant voices. H. W. B.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 13, 1847.

OUR SPIRITUAL NEED AND ITS SUPPLY. THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

The great and imperative need of the human soul is that it fulfil righteousness; in other words, that it should be and do right. There is a conscience within acquitting or accusing, approving or condemning us, according to our observance or our neglect of righteousness. There is the idea of duty, more or less present to the mind, and we feel that our lives should be governed by it and conformed to it. This is a universal feeling.

But it is as true that we come short of duty, and have not fulfilled all righteousness. We are creatures of error, of imperfection, of sin. We are under law, but we have not perfectly obeyed it. We have appetites that do not always obey reason; desires that are not always directed to objects that we can in heart approve, nor are confined within just measures and limits; passions that are unduly excited and that obtain the mastery over us; and many are the consequent deviations in life. Where the perception of duty is clearest, there the sentiment is usually the strongest of having come short of duty. Where both the perception and the sentiment are strong in the same person, there the conflict is great and painful. We see it in the apostle who exclaimed in the agony of the conflict—"O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Who shall deliver us from sin? Who redeem us from its bondage? What shall we do to be saved?

No mere law, whether ceremonial, or moral, can do it. No law written on the heart, or communicated by revelation, no knowledge of duty however obtained is sufficient. This is matter of human observation and experience. The greatest derelictions from duty have been seen in those who appeared to have the clearest perceptions of duty; the greatest violations of right have been committed by such as both knew the right, and could make the best statement of it. The child often disobeys his parents, whom he has been taught to see clearly his obligations to obey. The man often doeth ill to his neighbor, whom he acknowledges it his duty to love as himself. No conviction of the reward of virtue, and the punishment of vice; no persuasion of the reasonableness of obedience; no perception of the grounds of duty, or of the relations of man to man, and of all men to God—from which duty itself springs—not all these are sufficient to influence a man to obtain the better things which he sees and approves, or avoid the worse which he sees and condemns. For man therefore, one thing law cannot do—and that is, effectually prevent sin, effectually condemn and destroy it. The reason is, that the appetites and passions are too strong for it. "The law is weak through the flesh."

Before the passions of human nature, mere law presents but the feeblest barrier. Like the dam across the stream which holds in check the waters in ordinary times, but the freshet swells, and pours the cataract over, so the passions overleap the barriers of law, or the barriers themselves are sometimes entirely swept away. Then there is literally no law, except the law of the strongest passions.

We are sometimes not conscious of the strength of our passions, until we perceive in ourselves the wreck and devastation they have made. We have not become aware of the rapidity of the tide, until we have found ourselves so far down stream—so far remote from the positions we once occupied, and from the strong points whence our moorings have become loosed.

There needs an antagonistic force to the passions and desires of the flesh, stronger than we have in the law, stronger than in the knowledge of duty and in the sense of obligation. In what must this antagonistic force consist? What shall be strong enough to say to these passions, Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further? What shall keep them within their due bounds? What shall condemn and destroy the dominion of sin in the flesh? What shall have the efficacy to make the knowledge of duty, and the practice of it, agree?

This great need of the soul is met in the gospel of Jesus Christ. "What the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, [has done, viz.] condemned sin in the flesh." Here is the power, here the remedy. All who are conscious of duty, and also conscious of short-comings;—all who are convinced of sin, and desire to overcome it; all who desire righteousness but feel the obstacles which passion and human infirmity put in the way—come and receive in Christ the help you need and desire.

Christ promises this help; he shows his credentials from the Father, in order to beget in us the rational conviction that he is able to do the needed work. All his works and teachings proclaim the divinity of his mission. More than all this, the truthfulness of the character of Jesus declares the truthfulness of his claims, and is his highest recommendation to man who needs his services. Behold him, then! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. God has sent him into the world for sin. That is, as the original language imports, sin is the object respecting which his mission is exerted. He is sent to remove and destroy it. You must then receive him in such a character and office, and take him for what he claims to be. Faith in him is the first requisite. He can be of no service to you without faith. You will not follow him unless you have faith. You will not place yourself under his directions and comply with them, unless you have faith. But if you shall confide in him, he will bless you by turning every one of you away from his iniquities—and this is the great salvation. His gospel will redeem from the dominion of sin. His own spirit shall pass into you, and you shall be "joint heir" with him in the inheritance upon which he has entered in the heavenly places.

COLERIDGE.

We think the writer of the article in another column on Coleridge's Orthodoxy, has drawn his picture with too harsh a hand. It has much truth and force, as a sketch of a few features,—and yet we feel it is not all true, nor in all respects just. The writer adopts the opinion of the last No. of the North American Review, in respect to the circumstances under which Coleridge abandoned his Unitarianism. Now there is no evidence referred to by the North American, and we suppose our correspondent has no other, than what is found in Cottle's Reminiscences. For aught that appears, the Messrs. Wedgewood would have done the same as they did, had Coleridge proposed taking orders in the English Church. They wished him to devote his life to literary pursuits, unencumbered by pastoral cares. The whole transaction, and all the subsequent letters of Coleridge to his benefactors, recognize this simple understanding between them, and express the gratitude of Coleridge at the aid which left him free to follow literature as the bent of his genius. It was aid granted most unhappily; for Coleridge was the very person who most needed the regular demands of one of the active professions; and he himself found it out at last, by his own experience. "With the exception of one extraordinary man," says he, "I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a profession, i. e., some *regular* employment which does not depend on the will of the moment." (Biog. Lit. Chap. xi.)

We have no doubt that Coleridge was sincere in his Unitarianism, and conscientious in becoming Orthodox. We are inclined to think there was not, in the sort of Unitarianism he had adopted, the balm he needed for a wounded spirit. It was *rationalism*. And we believe there are consciences less burdened with sin than his afterwards became, that rationalism cannot satisfy. In becoming Orthodox, he adopted Orthodoxy under quite a modified form. We confess we ourselves have not a great deal to contend with him on this point. So far from accepting the Orthodox doctrine of Atonement,—which is vicarious,—*he expressly denies it.* Atonement is viewed by him chiefly as *at-one-ment. He indeed never uses the word at all.* The most precise of all writers in the use of the exactest symbols of his thought,—he always employs the word Redemption.

Our correspondent speaks also of Coleridge as not the man to like a theology which insists on practical righteousness. If any of the readers of the Register have read Coleridge with attention, they know, or ought to know, that one of the most distinguishing features of Christianity, as he viewed and presented it, was that of Redemption from the bondage of sin, to a life of practical godliness. And we need go no further than the book which contains so many painful reminiscences of the frailties and sins of Coleridge, to perceive that his keenest torment of mind arose from his not being in life what he saw the gospel was adapted to make the true believer.

The great calamity of Coleridge was *infirmity of will*—a naturally feeble executive power of the will. It was aggravated by constitutional restlessness, and by physical waste from his immense mental activity, with an utter indisposition to repair this waste by bodily exercise. There is not a man, and there has never been a man, not excepting St. Paul or St. Augustine, who could so appropriately adopt the language of the last portion of the seventh of Romans,—"The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" Coleridge saw the way of redemption, and there were times when he could add—"I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord." Not that he felt he should be delivered by any transfer of his sins, but that he should be made free, and become an obedient child of God, through the aids vouchsafed in Jesus Christ. An *enslaved* will, (that was his own word) he felt he had; not no will at all, but one *enslaved*, and Christ was the deliverer to make it free unto practical righteousness. Shall we confess that we pity him, more than we can reproach or condemn him? His own self reproach was bitter enough, without any more from his fellow-sinner man. We trust those groans of the conscience, so deep they could not be uttered, helped in the end to his deliverance, and that he hath at last entered into rest. The agony of the struggle between the law of sin and the law in his mind, has, we trust, passed away, and with an emphasis unknown to his mortal tongue, he exclaims in the heavenly places,—"I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord."

In regard to the intellect of Coleridge, there is of course but one judgment—and we need not here pause to say what it is, in vastness, in grandeur, in wealth of every faculty. In regard to his heart, we adopt the language of a distinguished orator before the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge respecting another unhappy child of genius—and we know that Charles Lamb and Southey and innumerable others would repeat it with choking emotions, "Dear bard! thou creature of all etherial essences, heart's brother of us all, in so much that is frailest, and so much that is holiest within us, we draw thee to our bosoms with a fond love and a tender pity, and all the more for the sins and griefs that crushed thy great heart. Nevertheless we will read the dreadful lesson, and note the fearful warning, and remember the irreversible law." We confess we love and admire Coleridge the more for the immense services that he has performed to the cause of Liberal Christianity. There is much talk of the influence of Unitarianism on Orthodox bodies, and we believe it has exerted great influence. But no writer, nor all other writers together, have done so much to liberalize Orthodoxy as Coleridge. The very approximation in thought, at present existing between certain Orthodox men and Unitarians, is owing to their common reception of truths uttered from the lips of Coleridge. Channing read him, and Bushnell has read him. The ablest contributors to the New Englander have read him; New Haven and Andover have read him—and we will venture to conjecture that East Windsor and Princeton have not. What there is of truth in him will stand, and all the more firmly for his unhappy example. What there is of error, and there is much of it, in our view, will by and by be seen more clearly in the light of the very truths he has advanced. Less of an authority he may be, in consequence of his infirmities; less of a "magnus Apollo;" (and we know many in whom this experience needed to be wrought, especially those who have taken on trust his sarcasms and hard sayings against Unitarianism—which Coleridge himself uttered, we think, never from malice, but from love of paradox—) but we trust there will be pure hearts, and elevated minds, that will not cease to commune with Coleridge, and grow purer and stronger by the communion, and become more quickened to truth and goodness by the solemn warning from his sins and his remorse, united with the kindling influences of his wonderful mind.

PROF. STUART'S "PARACHRONISMS."

In his recent volume of "Miscellanies," the Andover Professor of Sacred Literature has furnished a very apt illustration of the proverb—"No man putteth a piece of a new garment upon an old: if otherwise, then both the new maketh a rent, and the piece that was taken out of the new agreeth not with the old." The nature and extent of the changes he has made, are set forth in the Preface as follows:—"Some *parachronisms* the observing reader may easily detect; e. g. I have in a few instances interwoven with what was originally addressed to Dr. Channing facts or events which have happened since that period. It is an offence perhaps against the rules of strict rhetorical propriety. But it was easier, or at any rate more agreeable to my feelings, to say what I wished to say in this way, rather than to load the text with cumbrous notes. The reader may not put it to the account of oversight. Any further vindication of doing what I have done, in this respect, would be a waste of time and words to little or no purpose." To these must be added "Supplementary Notes and Postscripts," which he says "cost more labor than the original compositions."

Now we believe there are many friends of the Professor, who heartily wish he had let alone at least his "Letters to Dr. Channing." They have been accustomed to refer to that as his best work—the best certainly as to literary execution. But it seems he could not rest satisfied without making it as bad as his other works in a rhetorical point of view.

But an offence against strict rhetorical propriety is comparatively a small thing, and as the Professor has committed so many of them, voluntarily and involuntarily, it is not worth while to visit the sin upon this particular book. There are however weightier matters that demand consideration, in respect to the changes which he has made. While sentences, and paragraphs, and whole pages of new matter are interwoven, exclusive of Notes and Postscripts, and while sentences, and paragraphs and pages of the old are left out, and every page we have read bears marks of thorough revision and emendation, *he has left standing*, with no notice of the fact in Preface, Notes, or Postscripts, *old arguments which he has since abandoned.* Now the Professor has a perfect right to revise his old works and re-issue them. But to alter a work to the extent he has done, adding matter which, as he says, "cost him more labor than the original compositions," and yet to suffer false interpretations to remain, which, though much regarded by others, have been abandoned by himself—to do this, without saying a word about the latter; what shall be said of it? Could the Professor fail to catch a glimpse of its impropriety? No wonder he turned hastily away from "any vindication of doing what he had done," except to say, that this course was "*more agreeable to his feelings!*" But we submit, that to give currency in a popular work to what one has retracted afterwards in a more recondite and less perused work, is as indefensible as to circulate what one knows to be a worn-out falsehood. It is a great deal more than "an offence against the rules of strict rhetorical propriety." We proceed to show that Professor Stuart has done this.

In the original Letter, he thus sums up his interpretation of Heb. i. 8, 9—"Here then, if our view be correct, is one instance more in which Christ is called *God*, with such adjuncts as to render it probable that supreme divinity is designed to to be predicated of him." But in his Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, further investigation led him to abandon what he had defended, and he acknowledges that the word God "alludes to the *kingly*, not the divine nature of Christ." And yet the old interpretation is suffered to pass in his Miscellanies.

In the original Letters he argued that passages like the following—Grace to you and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ—Rom. i, 7—prove the Deity of Christ, because "the same blessings are solicited from Christ and the Father." But in his Commentary on Revelation, published the year before his Miscellanies, he says that the salutation—Grace be unto you and peace from Him who is, and was, and is to come, and from the seven spirits which are before his throne, and from Jesus Christ the faithful witness,"—is as though we should say to an ambassador appointed to a foreign court, I heartily wish you a favorable reception from the king and his counsellors, [the seven spirits being regarded as the presence angels of Jehovah]—a salutation not asserting, nor even implying, an equality between the parties named." And yet this class of texts is suffered to remain in his volume of Miscellanies, as an argument for the Deity of Christ.

These arguments once maintained in controversy with Dr. Channing, but since relinquished, had great influence in producing, or strengthening, the conviction of the Deity of Christ. The first of them was ranked by the Professor among "the leading ones to establish the divine nature of Christ." They are sent forth anew to work the same convictions—with what considerations of truth and candor cannot well be shown. In past ages Orthodoxy has resorted to pious frauds, nor has the kind of weapons been regarded so much as their ability to do execution. But advantages of this kind are temporary, and Truth is wounded in the house of her friends.

When Professor Stuart gave up in his Commentaries what Orthodox controversialists regarded as so valuable, it excited no little displeasure among them, nor could they possibly forgive him, or be reconciled to the loss. If the Professor has yielded to their pertinacity, (and he seems to have done it with a very good grace;) if he has been persuaded to give forth the old texts and the old interpretatiou, with his name endorsing them still, he will doubtless gain back some alienated friends. He gives them the opportunity plausibly to say, when he is dead and gone, that his Miscellanies, being his last work on the subject, are to be regarded as containing his real opinions. But he will have relinquished to party what he ought courageously to have offered up to Truth and mankind.

UNITARIANISM IN MONTPELIER, VT.

The Montpelier "Universalist Watchman," contains the following just tribute to the recent services of one of our clergymen. Such missionary labors are invaluable, and would they might be multiplied a thousand fold—we will not say for the sake of Unitarianism, but for the gospel's sake, and the welfare of our land.

Rev. Chas. Brooks, a Unitarian clergyman of Boston has just returned home after a labor of nine weeks in this State. During this time he has delivered 11 public lectures, each an hour in length,—one in Brattleboro, on Sunday Schools, and one in Windsor on the Schools of Holland—the others in this village—three at the request of the citizens, on the Common Schools of Prussia, Germany and the United States—one on Common Schools in the House of Representatives, at the joint request of the two branches of the Legislature—one at the annual meeting of the "Vermont Educational Society" on the importance of Normal Schools—one before the Temperance Society, on intemperance as connected with gambling and lasciviousness—one at the annual meeting of the "Vermont Colonization Society," on African Colonization—one on War as inconsistent with Christianity; and one on "Holy Week" at Rome. Besides these, he has preached three times during each Sabbath, several of his sermons being an hour in length. He has imparted much valuable instruction, and left many salutary impressions on the minds of his hearers. May Heaven's rich blessings attend him in all future time.

THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOR.

This beautiful house of worship was dedicated to Him whose name it bears, and through him to God, on the morning of Wednesday last. The following was the order of services, viz.

1. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. F. Parkman, D. D.
2. Selection from the Scriptures, by Rev. F. D. Huntington.
3. Chant.
4. Service with Responses.
5. Dedication Prayer, by Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D.
6. Dedication Hymn, written for the occasion, by William C. Bryant.
7. Sermon, by the Pastor.
8. Hymn, for the Dedication of the Church of the Savior, by Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D. D.
9. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. S. K. Lothrop.
10. Doxology.

"From all that dwell below the skies."

11. Benediction, by Rev. J. Pierce, D. D.

The attendance was very large, filling every seat on the floor and in the galleries. The services which were two hours and a quarter in length, were very appropriate, impressive and interesting. Rev. Mr. Waterston's sermon was from 1 Cor. iii. 11.—For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. It was an able, comprehensive discourse on the true position of the Christian Church — the Church universal—in relation to the present times; first, in relation to theology, and secondly, in relation to civilization and philanthropy; to the activity and excitement which are the features of our civilization; to its outward materialist tendencies; to social evils; to the increasing profligacy; to intemperance, pauperism and crime; to the two monstrous evils of slavery and war. If the Church in our land should arise, with her three or four millions of Church-members, and do her duty,—it would be as the vision of the angel to Peter in prison. The oppressed would be delivered from bondage. War, which is only murder on an extended scale, would cease.—Christianity is *fitted* to do this. The words and life of Jesus—they are the ordained means, and they will accomplish the work by their effect on the individual heart.

It gives us pleasure to be informed, that from a very large and liberal subscription originally made by individuals whom the clearest convictions of duty led to start the enterprise, the Church is not likely to prove burdensome to those who design to purchase pews. The debt which exists is 30,000 dollars, which it is hoped will be extinguished by the first sales of the pews.

Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, late of Burlington, Vermont, has received a unanimous call to the pastoral office over the Unitarian Society in East Cambridge.

Correction. On page 1, col. 2, line 18 from top, for 3, read 8.

For the Register.

MEMORIAL AGAINST THE WAR.

To be circulated for signature among the Unitarians.

The Committee appointed to draft a Memorial against the War have prepared the following paper. It will be sent to all Unitarian Ministers with a letter requesting them to *circulate it for signature among members of their societies, and to return it when signed to* J. P. Blanchard, Boston. In societies where no minister is settled or regularly officiating, some layman, interested in the object, is requested to procure signatures. As it is desirable to forward the Memorial as early as possible to Congress, the promptest action is needed. Unless the Memorials are previously signed, Thanks-giving day might be a good occasion to present the Memorials for signature. Brethren! let the Memorial be signed by all.

MEMORIAL.

To the Hon. the Senate of the United States;—
" " House of Representatives.

Solemnly impressed with the conviction, that the existing War between the United States and Mexico is in violation of the Will of God, who has made of one blood all nations—of the Christian Religion, which commands forbearance, forgiveness, mercy and love alike between States and persons—and of the Spirit of Humanity which seeks to unite mankind in universal brotherhood, and therefore deliberately condemning it and uttering our protest against its continuance.

We, the undersigned, Ministers and Laymen of the Unitarian denomination, do as Christians, earnestly pray Congress and the Executive to take the necessary steps for securing an immediate and permanent Peace with Mexico—by withdrawing the troops of this nation from her territory—restoring to her possession the provinces which we now occupy—offering the amplest atonement in our power for all wrongs which may have been inflicted by us—and appointing commissioners empowered to adjust questions in dispute between these two Sister Republics.

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ADDRESS TO CHRISTIANS CONCERNING THE WAR.

We present to our readers to-day an address, which was prepared by a sub-committee, to be sent with the Peace Memorials to our different congregations. In the committee of the whole it was, for various reasons, considered best that the memorials should go alone; but it is still thought desirable that the address should be laid before the public in the journals. It is therefore printed by itself, with the hope of animating *Christians of all denominations* to put forth a united and uncompromising effort to bring to a speedy end the war. Editors of papers, religious and secular, who are hostile to the war, are respectfully requested to give this address an insertion; and Ministry and Laity without distinction of sect, as members of the Church Universal, are earnestly entreated to aid this attempt to produce a co-operative movement of Christians throughout our land in favor of Peace. Perhaps some of our Clergy will feel disposed to read this paper to their congregations, at the time that the Memorial is presented. This, we think, might be useful.

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Brethren,—

Should nothing be done by the Christians of this professedly Christian nation to put an immediate end to the War now existing between the United States and Mexico!

Can nothing be done?

On the high ground of religious obligation we address you; and in the name of our Master,—who came to manifest God's mercy, whose ministry was one of reconciliation, whose spirit and life breathed forgiveness, whose command and example taught love to enemies,—we appeal to you to rise as one man, and in the majesty of right to demand Peace.

Far too long have we kept silence while our Nation has been plunging into a career of crime, that brands us with shame before the civilized world, that outrages the conscience of Christendom, that mocks the clemency of the Supreme Ruler. Shall we, as Christians, give no utterance to the indignant remonstrance which, since the outbreak of hostilities, has been swelling in the hearts of the good and wise of this people?

From ghastly charnel-pits of many a battle-ground—from shattered walls and gory streets of bombarded cities—from sacked and plundered villages—from homes made worse than desolate by rapine—from crowds of weeping widows and orphans—goes up to heaven the witness against us of our brethren's blood, of our sister's cries—brethren murdered while defending their families and firesides—sisters outraged while bestowing woman's charities upon our lawless soldiery! Shall we, as Christians, sanction such deeds of enormous wrong by passive indifference?

Within little more than one short year, thousands of our fellow countrymen, some in the flush of youthful promise, some in the maturity of manly vigor, many of them brave, generous hearted, intelligent, energetic, born for high interests, capable of true greatness, fitted for the honorable uses of humane society, have been seduced by delusive visions of false glory, and far away from the endearments and responsibilities of home, from all ennobling and refining influences, have miserably perished amidst pestilence and hardship, in the hideous agonies of sudden death and the lingering tortures of crowded hospitals; and even now thousands more are summoned to fatten the fields of a foreign land! Shall we, as Christians, not cleanse our garments from all participation in this guilty waste of human beings!

Within little more than one short year, has this Nation squandered in destruction millions upon millions, wrung from the toil of peaceful producers; the wise expenditure of which would have multiplied twice over the railroads now interlinking the United States, or bound the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans by a double line of communication, or founded a university or hospital in every county of every State, or built a church or school in every town throughout our land, or supplied with a decent home in the wide prairies of the West every poor family in our over-peopled cities; and millions upon millions more are to be prodigally thrown away, burdening posterity with a galling yoke of debt! Contrast the permanent blessings, with which these treasures might have crowned our land and united mankind the earth round by interchanges of good, with the heaps of dead bodies and of ruins which mark the track of our armies, and answer,—whether as Christians, we shall any longer permit the gains of our industry, the inheritances of our children, to be thus infamously swallowed up in working wo to our fellow men!

When now we contemplate the avowed end, for which, as the long foreseen result of our accumulated injustice—Mexico—a sister Republic, who once regarded the United States with a reverence equalled only by her present hate—has been overrun by our forces, and her children butchered while fighting to preserve her rights and her honor, can we pardon ourselves, or be pardoned by God and Humanity, unless we interpose? What is this end? Does not the world know it, from the diplomatic correspondence of our government, from debates in both halls of our national Legislature, from the Executive messages and resolutions of sovereign States, from unreserved confessions in private and open avowals in the public press? It is territorial conquest, with the express design of upholding the value of slave property, extending the area of slave cultivation, and ensuring the perpetuity of slave-power. The scheme of aggrandizement widens with the success of our invasion. Pacific offers have been rejected, which could have been extorted only from the despair of the weakened nation whom we are meanly crushing, because the territory thus surrendered did not befit the purposes of a slaveholding minority. Unlimited subjugation is now the watch-word uttered from high places. And are we, as Christians, to allow the grasping instigators of this war to wield the power of this prosperous people for such atrocious plans of boundless aggression?

And the end is not yet. Month by month,—as the military frenzy, latent in our race, is exasperated by alternate rumors of danger and triumph, as the basest appeals are made to the cupidity of a worldly age, as soldiers released from their dreadful trade return upon us, corrupted by the camp and unfitted for regular pursuits, as a low ambition is stimulated, and demagogues rouse by appeals to reckless patriotism the passions of the mob,—is it not mournfully evident that the public conscience is becoming paralyzed! May we not well fear the result! Who can ensure us, that we shall escape the fate of other States! Will not republican simplicity give way to aristocratic assumption, tolerated abuses be converted into prerogatives upheld on precedents, and, by changes silent yet swift, despotism supplant our free institutions! As Christians, shall we not rally to save from abuse a Nation consecrated to Justice and Liberty, by the prayers of our ancestors, the benedictions of Christendom, the manifest permission of Providence?

Brethren! Our hope under God, is in the religious principle of the Christians among this people! Political parties are too much entangled in the meshes of intrigue; their leaders are too often made compromising by the lust of office and bribes of preferment; venal presses misrepresent the common sense and honest feeling of the community; public sins, already committed, drag us downward to deepening iniquity; mere tampering with injustice involves the certainty of deeds at which untainted conscience stands aghast; events are even now speeding on, which unless averted may overwhelm this once upright Republic in disastrous convulsions; the time has come for Christians, who should be the heart of every Commonwealth, to send abroad purer, healthier influences through the channels of national life. Has not the history of the last few years sufficiently taught us, that timidity on the part of the good has thrown the destinies of the United States into the control of the violent! Let decision and firmness redeem what feebleness has lost. Again we say, the time has fully come.

Let us arouse then in the name of the Lord. Let us ask not what is expedient but what is right, not what is politic but what is humane, not what is popular but what is Christian! Let us do our duty and trust to God! Let ministers use every means to awaken a new life of fidelity. Let laymen be true in word and deed to their highest convictions. Let us reanimate enthusiasm for the essential principles of this nation—Christian Love and Civil Liberty! Let us vow, God aiding us, to make this people a Union of Freemen! Let us hold meetings of Christians to sign and circulate Protests against this war of slaveholding usurpation; let us pour in our Memorials upon Congress at the very opening of its Session, and continue to pour them until our end is gained! Thus shall we strengthen the good who are in stations of public trust, awe and restrain the bad, confirm the wavering, manifest the broad foundations of rectitude on which all true prosperity of states and individuals, must rest, and make the national responsibility felt to Humanity and to God. In the name of Heaven let us demand immediate, permanent peace.

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CHRISTIAN WOMEN, RALLY FOR PEACE.

Sisters! In the name of the daughters of Mexico, who are subjected to the insults and outrages of our lawless soldiery, and who amidst the horrors of war have poured out woman's charities upon the sick and wounded among their enemies,—in the name of our fellow countrymen, dragged away from home, and its duties and pure influences, to become murderers and robbers in a foreign land, whose children have been butchered by thousands while defending their families and firesides,—in the name of our nation, whose best institutions are endangered by the military spirit,—in the name of the Prince of Peace, whose servants you are,—we beseech you to take instant measures to make the voice of Woman,—Christian Woman,—heard against this most inhuman war. Hold meetings, circulate memorials, forward them to Congress. Let the Senators and Representatives hear the protest of Mothers, Wives, Sisters, Daughters, against the War!

We commend to our readers the following communication, from one whose initials will at once identify him as one of the speakers on the same subject at the Salem Convention. Why should there be a single hour's longer delay! Immediate action on the subject, in the way which is here marked out, and which is so practicable, would seem necessary for the preservation of self-respect, as well as most desirable if we wish to do great good by efforts involving neither toil nor self-denial.

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For the Register.

CIRCULATION OF THE WORKS OF CHANNING.

Mr. Editor,—In the last Register, in a good article on the late Convention, I observed the following allusion, which I have no hesitation in taking to myself, and in thus noticing, because I wish, with you, to secure some further action upon it. "It was proposed by one of the brethren, in discussing the resolution relative to the circulation of Unitarian books, tracts, &c., that a subscription should be opened immediately, to procure a large number of copies of Channing's Works for distribution. The proposition received no special notice, and no specific action was taken on the subject." After making that proposition, and endeavoring to carry it into effect, I was told that our Salem friends hoped to do something of the kind by themselves, but would rather not attempt it at that time. For this reason, and the press of other business, nothing more was done. But I did not mean to let it end there; and as you have referred to it, I take the liberty, in the only way I can now do it, of making a more definite proposal.

It is known, that the publisher of Channing's Works offers to issue a large and good edition, at the extremely low rate of two dollars a set, provided two thousand copies are engaged at once, in lots of at least 100 copies to one direction. Partly to secure this great object, without needless delay, and still more, to put these invaluable volumes into the hands of all our ministers at least, I propose that those of the Unitarian clergy who are able, without calling upon the laity or the public generally in so moderate a matter, should unite in procuring a hundred copies of Channing's Works, for our brethren who do not own and cannot easily purchase them—whether of our own name or of the *Christian* denomination. If forty will join in this, it will secure the 200 dollars necessary, at a tax of only five dollars each; and in no other way, I believe, can we make that small sum go so far, or be more sure of doing good. Let those who are willing thus to contribute, send their names to the publisher of the Register, or to Mr. Briggs, the Secretary of the A. U. A., with the understanding that the Executive Committee of the Association will take charge of the money, and see that the Works are given to destitute clergymen, according to their best judgment. Thus it will be a gift from brethren to brethren, and help to continue and extend that harmony in which we now rejoice. If forty names are not sent in, I will be one of any smaller number, not less than twenty, to make up the required sum.

This may not be the best plan, and if not, I hope some one will suggest a better. In some way, I am very anxious to accomplish the object. I have found little difficulty in disposing of 150 sets of these Works, within a year, in my own Society and vicinity, at the price of the last edition, and I hope to dispose of at least 100 more at the reduced rate now offered. Every clergyman can probably do the same, in some proportion, if he will make the attempt. He will find that not only Unitarians, but many of all names, not only believers, but some of the doubting and inquiring, and almost all interested in progress and reform, will gladly purchase these six solid volumes of some of the best writing in the language, on all important subjects, and at a price lower than any good, I had almost said, any bad books have ever been published.

Pardon me for saying so much, and understand me as simply making a distinct offer, in the hope that it will be followed up, or some other way proposed of accomplishing the object.

E. B. H.

For the Register.

COLERIDGE'S ORTHODOXY.

Intellectual Trinitarians have been in the habit of swearing by Coleridge with as strong an emphasis as "our army in Flanders" ever swore, according to Uncle Toby. And his conversion from Unitarianism used to seem to me about the strongest and most comprehensive argument for the Orthodox doctrines that I knew of. His vast learning, his capacious intellect, pronounced by his admirers both the subtilest and most comprehensive ever bestowed on human being, together with his lofty spirituality and saintliness of character, as attributed to him by those not behind the curtain, seemed to make his opinion on such points the highest human authority. But the secret has gradually come out. He has been dead about 17 years, and a veil of mystery has all that time been wrapped around his supposed saintliness, as if he was a kind of Grand Lama too sacrosanct for vulgar eyes to gaze at freely. Friend after friend attempted something like his biography. Idolators and incense-burners poured out their reminiscences. But all failed to give the public any true idea of the man morally, for the excellent reason that they did not wish to—that memorable example of biographical miscarriage, the 1st and only volume of his friend and adorer Gillman, leading the van. In Madam De Stael's phrase, they all painted him "*en buste.*" There was the head of gold conspicuous and glittering enough, but the feet of iron and clay were always left out.

At last his early friend, Joseph Cottle, after so many years meditation on the sums of money he had loaned, and of course lost, to Coleridge, and the ungrateful returns the latter had made for his various kindnesses, has made up his mind that the world ought to know something of the true state of the case about this "enshrined saint," especially as the secret was leaking out without his assistance. For even Coleridge's own daughter in the 2d edition of his Biographia Literaria completed by her, has felt forced to tell some truths that must be unpalatable to the worshippers of this 2d, after Lord Bacon, "greatest, meanest of mankind."—

As to the fact of his renunciation of the business of preaching Unitarianism, it occurred on this wise. "There can be no doubt," says Talfourd, "that Coleridge's Unitarianism was the result of strong conviction; so strong that with all the ardor of a convert he sought to win proselytes to his chosen creed, and proposed to spend his days in preaching it." Afterwards we know he became as dogmatic for the opposite views; and will it be believed that we have it under his own hand-writing, that the change commenced for neither more nor less than a bribe of £150 a year? He had offered himself and been accepted as minister of the Unitarian Chapel in Shrewsbury. To prevent his thus devoting his life to the propagation of what the Messrs Wedgwood, the distinguished manufacturers, considered heresy, they offered him £100 on condition of his declining the invitation to the chapel. His conscience stood out against this offer: a higher bid was wanted; and it came in the shape of an offer of £150 per annum indefinitely. It was at the last hour; his preparations were made for preaching the gospel; but, writes he, "the moment I received Mr. J. Wedgwood's letter, I accepted his offer." He despaired of a higher being made, and like a skilful auctioneer let fall the hammer and knocked himself down low enough. Comment is unnecessary.

After this of course he had only to go on in the same direction. Every earthly inducement beckoned him on. It need surprise no one that in the latter part of his life he seemed so sincere and earnest in his professions of the religion of the State. Nothing is easier than this, after the first step of such a change. And we need not suppose that he was never conscientious in it. With his ingenuity he could find arguments for any belief; and the difficulty increased the charm to his perverse taste for metaphysical quibbles and enigmas. He was just the man for the maxim, "Credo quia impossibile." His poetical imagination too was gratified in the Church of England, and his classical and social preferences. But in addition to all this his anomalous and morbid moral condition was just such as to recommend to him the Orthodox doctrines of Atonement. He could find rest in no other, because—I will not say, he was a bad man with uncommonly acute moral perceptions—but because while he so clearly saw the right he so loved and followed the wrong. There was no balm to his conscience in well doing, he must find it in something else. Never was there a man who seemed to find the commonest virtues harder. "Of the most religious principles," as his friend Charles Lamb said of him, "but unfortunately whenever anything comes to him in the shape of a duty, he can't find the heart to perform it."

He seems to have been intemperate with alcohol before he took to opium. With the latter drug he besotted himself to the lowest de-

basement, pretending falsely, according to the testimony of his own admirers, that he had commenced the use of it as a remedy for physical disease. Two quarts of laudanum a week was at one time his smallest allowance; and he resorted to the meanest subterfudges to obtain it, violating even truth and honesty at every opportunity for the sake of it. He carried his bottle in his pocket even when under a guardian voluntarily assumed, and when in front of the shops where the drug was sold he would deceive the poor guardian and send him off for a moment on some pretext, (to ascertain, for instance, whether a *ship* in view was an American) while he dodged in and had his bottle filled.

For borrowing money he seems to have equalled any Jeremy Diddler, and repayment was a phenomenon unheard of. His unscrupulously burdening Southey with the support of his wife and children during the last 25 years of his life, and living himself on the generosity of his friends while he possessed powers superior to any of them, was a want of magnaminity bad enough; but what are we to say to his receiving large sums (£300 at one time from De Quincey) on express conditions of which he invariably evaded the fulfilment, and borrowing even from his publishers, as long as they would lend, on the pledge of his promise to furnish so much manuscript by a stipulated hour, and in no case that is recorded keeping his word. We have his letters averring that such and such works by scores were almost finished or even in the press, when it does not appear that a line of them had been written. Truly the "Saintly Coleridge" was not so far from Ferdinand Mendez Pinto as many astute philosophical theologians suppose; and his character was not unjustly summed up in the shrewd and amusing "Theses Theologicae" which his friend Lamb ventured to send him, for the purpose of "being defended or oppugned by him (or both) at Leipsic or Gottingen."

Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man? 2. Whether the arch-angel Uriel *could* knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether, if he *could*, he *would*. 3. Whether honesty be an angelic virtue, or not rather belonging to that class of qualities which the schoolmen term *virtutes* minus splendidae, et hominis et terrae *nimis* participes? 4. Whether the Seraphim ardentes do not manifest their goodness by the way of vision and theory? And whether practice be not a sub-celestial and mere human virtue? 5. Whether the higher order of Seraphim illuminati ever *sneer*? 6. Whether pure intelligences can *love*, or whether they can love anything besides pure intellect? 7. Whether the beatific vision be anything more or less than a perpetual representment to each individual angel of his own present attainments and future capabilities, something in the manner of mortal looking-glasses? 8. Whether an 'immortal and amenable soul' *may not come to be damned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?*

It is unnecessary to refer to his notorious plagiarisms. He that would rob his best and nearest friends of their money would rob the distant Germans, Schelling and Fichte, of philosophy by the pageful without scruple, and then revile Jeffrey without stint for pointing out the theft. His own daughter allows that "he was not sufficiently considerate of other men's property."

Of course this was not the man to like a theology which insists on practical righteousness so uncompromisingly as Unitarianism does.

H. G. E.

For the Register.

"OUTPOSTS THAT OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED."

The letter to Dr. Gannett which was published in the Register of Oct. 9th, will be looked at from different points of view by different individuals. Those who are anxious for the downfall of the Unitarian denomination will doubtless hail it with pleasure, while I suppose those who cherish the views of liberal Christians, and desire to see them widely diffused, will not much fear the effects of this letter. The writer seems to be a man who while his own intellect and cultivation enable him to grasp the strong points pertaining to Liberal Christianity, without the incidental assistance of a name, forgets that the mass of men do not possess the same advantages.

I apprehend that it would be exceedingly difficult to assemble and keep together any large body of persons for religious enjoyment and instruction without giving to that body some name. If they did not assume a name, the world would speedily give them one. For myself, I am not particularly attached to the name *Unitarian*, but to the associations connected with it. That name implies the doctrinal points of difference between the Christians who enjoy it, and those called Orthodox; but it does not imply the more essential differences between them, the chief of which in my judgment, is the earnest inculcation by Unitarians of Christian charity.

But I did not take my pen to write an essay upon Christianity, Liberal or Orthodox, nor yet to answer the letter to Dr. Gannett—a task for which I feel my entire insufficiency. I designed simply to notice one position in that letter, which struck me as being very singular, and as betraying a desire to afford no assistance to infant Societies at a distance from Boston. The position alluded to is expressed in the following extract, viz: "It deserves to be at least inquired, whether a carefulness about the interests of the denomination has not drained the treasury of the American Unitarian Association, in the maintenance of outposts that ought never to have been established." &c.

Now it strikes me that it would be singular indeed, if "the denomination" were not careful of its "interests." It professes to be a denomination whose precepts are better calculated to promote the well being of man than those of any other denomination, and it would be recreant to its expressed convictions, if it were not careful of its interests; for they are, be it remembered, not only the interests of society at large, but the *best* interests of that society. I speak not of Unitarians as a sect, but as a *denomination*, a term widely different in its signification from the word sect. It is one of the beautiful characteristics of Unitarian Christianity, that it repudiates sectarianism, and insists upon the broad and comprehensive principle of Christianity, as exemplified in the life and character of Jesus Christ. If this view be correct, then, I repeat, it would be most singular, if the members of "the denomination" were not careful of its interests—aye, careful of them in every respect; careful not only to guard them by a truly Christian life, and thus recommend them to others, but careful to spread them over the whole world, if possible. If I rightly understand the feelings of Unitarians, they care but little by what name they are called, while they warmly cherish the principles by which they are guided, and anxiously seek to spread them by all fair and reasonable means; and while they frown upon sectarianism, they are aware that they must be called by some name.

That there have been injudicious attempts to erect Unitarian Societies, before the communities in which those attempts have been made were able to support them, is not doubted. But I suppose more efforts apparently hopeless at their inception have succeeded than have failed.—There is a tone of contempt in speaking of societies which have invoked aid from Boston, which ill becomes "the friend of Liberal Christianity." He speaks of "sending processions of committees up begging to Boston." Indeed, and what do they beg for? Is it for money to minister to their temporal comfort. Nay, a few hearty Unitarian Christians in some remote part of our Union, deeply feeling the importance of their views, and laudably anxious to spread them, make an effort to erect a humble place of worship, but not yet being blessed with abundance of worldly goods, unexpectedly find themselves embarrassed, and appeal to their more fortunate brethren for aid to supply the means of spreading abroad the religion professedly so much loved by those to whom they appeal. I beg to remind "the friend of Liberal Christianity," that Boston, exalted as she is, is not the whole United States. And however much Unitarian or Liberal Christianity may flourish there, and throughout New England, these "outposts," of which he seems to think so little, are the germs of communities destined to have a controlling influence over the well being of the United States, and perhaps of the whole world, and, as such, are of the highest importance. If our Unitarian brethren in New England are in earnest, they will be far from looking upon those who come from these "outposts" for assistance, as beggars. If I were to judge from the communication alluded to, I should fear that our New England brethren entertain the feeling, that if Liberal Christianity flourishes well in New England, it is not of so much importance how it gets along in the West, and other parts of the Union. In this I may do them injustice. But if so, whence the reluctance of Unitarian clergymen to leave the comforts of New England to encounter the comparative discomforts of the West? Whence the difficulty we find, in procuring suitable clergymen to advance the interests of Liberal Christianity in the West? If the religion which they teach demands no sacrifices, it is not the religion of Jesus Christ. We cannot always give them "stately edifices and comely furniture, and sonorous organs"—these things we do not count as among the essentials of religion, *maugre* the somewhat sneering question of "the friend of Liberal Christianity." Such as we have, however, we cheerfully offer, and above all, we offer them the friendship of hearts panting for the spread of Liberal Christianity E****

Elizabeth, Pa., Oct. 21st.

For the Register.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

CAUSES OF THE DECLINE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1847.

The decline of religious warmth and activity among the Orthodox and the lamentable inefficiency of Orthodox preaching complained of by Dr Patton, and the Synod of New York and New Jersey, are facts worthy of profound consideration. They are facts in which all who love the cause of religion should feel deeply interested. Our happiness and hopes depend upon the progress and growth and power of religious principle and feeling in the community, and every one should feel concerned, when any evidences of its decline are visible, to inquire into the causes of that decline and endeavor to aid in their removal.

My contribution to this end may indeed be but a mite, yet I will venture to offer it, by naming what appear to me to be some of the causes of the inefficacy of Orthodox preaching,—causes which prevent it from taking a strong hold upon the hearts and consciences of its hearers, the consequence of which is a visible and extensive decline of living piety among the people.

One of the causes of the inefficacy of Orthodox preaching is the substitution of metaphysical disquisitions for earnest inculcations of the practical morality of the Gospel. I do not intend to say that none of the Orthodox clergy ever inculcate moral duties, but that the general cast of the preaching of the Orthodox is metaphysical. This may be easily verified by looking at the published sermons of most of the popular Orthodox ministers. Discourses about original sin, the nature of man's inability, election, perseverance of the saints &c. &c. you will find in any number, but plain, practical, illustration and enforcement of the every day duties of life are rare indeed. In the primitive Church the practical duties of Christianity appear to have been very much insisted upon. The Savior in the examples of his preaching on record, seems to have been a very practical teacher, and such were his apostles. The beloved disciple John, tradition tells us, after he became so enfeebled by age that he could no longer walk to the house of God, had himself carried thither, and addressing the people he would say, "Little children love one another;" and when asked why he always repeated the same exhortation, answered that if they obeyed this single injunction all would be well.

The simplicity of the Gospel and of Gospel preaching, as it appears to me, has been very far departed from in all our Churches, and in none more than the Orthodox, many of whose ministers preach little else than a bad system of mental philosophy; or indulge in speculations in philology or history, or in visions concerning futurity and another world,—topics that have not the remotest connection with Christian duty in the present world.

Calvin himself seems to have set the example which is now so faithfully and exclusively followed. It is said by a living writer that "during the twenty years in which Calvin" ruled Geneva, "he preached nineteen hundred and twenty-five sermons, of which not a single one is founded upon a text taken from either of the Gospels." "It had not entered my imagination," says the writer, "that any man viewing with reverence the Gospels, could preach upon an average very nearly two sermons every Sunday for twenty years, without having even his fancy sufficiently brightened, or his sensibilities sufficiently roused, or his heart sufficiently warmed towards his fellow creatures, by the exalted morality every where diffused, and by the gushing affection bursting from almost every page written by the Evangelists, without being coerced during all that period to bestow at least one solitary discourse upon Matthew, Mark, Luke or John."

Wonderful enough it is, even for Calvin and his age! But still more wonderful that his example should find followers now—not that his modern disciples never take texts from the Gospels, but that they do not take sermons,—that they do not draw out the melting tenderness and sweetness and practicalness of the Gospels for the nurture of their Churches.

I have often thought, while listening to a hair splitting disquisition from the pulpit, how different might that whole congregation become in life, spirit, manners, if instead of the philosophy, falsely so called, with which they are regaled, the simplest teachings of Gospel morality, imparted by a warm-hearted, pious Fenelon of a preacher, might be enjoyed by them for a few years. How different would be the development of character of a congregation, if instead of hearing year after year the distinction between natural and moral inability, and the like, they should be taught by some faithful pastor, to love and serve God; to venerate parents; to be kind, obliging, just and generous to neighbors; to forgive enemies and cherish good will towards them; to pity the miserable and relieve them; to compassionate the erring, and labor to reclaim them; these, and duties and sentiments like these, inculcated by one who not only showed "the path to heaven" but "led the way," would soon, under God's blessing, create an atmosphere in the family, in the parish, in the neighborhood, to breathe which would be bliss. What we want above all things, as it seems to me, and I say it in no censorious spirit, is a race of pastors whose souls shall be filled and warmed with earnest longings to see their flocks doing right, feeling right, and living in the actual realization and enjoyment of the purity and bliss of heaven. Every pastor should feel as a pious and fond father feels for his family of children, and while there is wrong doing among them, or a want of cordial mutual love, should deem it next to ludicrous to talk cold philosophy to them instead of melting and subduing them with the outbursting tenderness of his own soul.

CRITO.

For the Register.

SECTARIANISM.

Having heard much said against Sectarianism, and read some articles published in the Register in favor of abolishing sectarianism,—I have asked myself whether society can exist without it! According to lexicographers, the meaning of the term "sect" is "a body of men united in some tenets." According to this definition, Christ and his apostles were a sect To belong to a sect is not to make a profession, but it is to *believe* in doctrines common to some others.

Suppose we abolish sectarianism, as some urge—what do we come to? The many sects of Protestantism only become one sect. It will be still the Protestant sect, in distinction from the Catholic. Or will this one Protestant sect, after having given up so much, be then prepared to become Catholic? The principle maintained would seem to go thus far. It is in vain to expect the Catholic will yield. And so long as there is more than the Catholic Church, there must be sectarianism.

Whether men acknowledge themselves as sectarians or not, they nevertheless are so. Those who proclaim themselves as anti-sectarian are of the *sect* of anti-sectarians. To my mind, Dr. Channing was as much a sectarian as Martin Luther. He held his tenets with as much firmness, and was as much opposed to Calvinism as light is to darkness. And if he cared not for a name—he was as zealous for the principles which now constitute the glory of the name, as any man who ever preached or wrote. That there are evils attending sectarianism, no one will deny. Shall we abolish a thing because men sometimes make it an engine of evil! If so, what institution can stand! P. E. F.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN. A sermon, preached at Brighton, Sunday morning, Sept. 19, 1847. By Frederic A. Whitney, minister of the First Church. Mr. W., in a brief prefatory note remarks, that "the sermon is printed because solicited by those to whom the simple thoughts, it expresses, chance now to be specially welcome." We think they will always be welcome to every bereaved parent, and to every one that, like the Master, loves little children, and loves to contemplate their mission on earth, and their departure to heaven.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 183. From Littell & Co. For Contents, see advertisement.

CHAMBER'S MISC. No. 6, from Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. Contents, Goldmaker's village, Last Earl of Derwentwater, Heroine of Siberia, Domestic Flower Culture, Insurrection in Lyons, The Hermit of Warkworth and other Ballads.

THE GREAT SECRET, OR HOW TO BE HAPPY. By Emily Chubbuck (now Mrs. Judson.) From the publishers, L. Colby & Co., N. Y. This is a revised edition of an excellent little book, that has already found a place in many of our Sunday Schools.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR NOV. The embellishments, especially the prints of the fashionable ladies which are usually so execrable in our Magazines, seem to be improving in the hands of Godey—and the articles are very good. We wish Deacon Smith and his violin could be made a tract and published for the special benefit of those who make dancing a sin and an offence worthy of church discipline.

THE OF GOSPEL TO TO-DAY. A discourse delivered at the Ordination of T. W. Higginson, Newburyport. By William H. Channing. Together with the right hand of fellowship by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem, and address to the society by Rev. Mr. Fox of Boston. From Crosby and Nichols. Our limits and time forbid a further notice this week.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

MINISTERIAL BRETHREN. In Wenham, Mass. on Wednesday of last week, we understand that Mr. Jeremiah Taylor was ordained pastor of the Congregational Orthodox church. His three brothers assisted in the ordaining services: Rev. Oliver A. Taylor of Manchester, Rev. Rufus Taylor of Shrewsbury, N. J., and Rev. Timothy Taylor of Slatersville, R. I. The four brothers are now pastors, and we believe that they are excellent and useful men.

DEATH OF HON. JABEZ W. HUNTINGTON. Hon. J. W. Huntington, United States Senator from Connecticut, died at his residence at Norwich, of a sudden attack of inflammation of the bowels on Monday evening, 1st.

BY HIS EXCELLECY

GEORGE N. BRIGGS,

Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

A PROCLAMATION,

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

During the last winter, a cry for bread was hear throughout this fruitful land, from a distant an famishing people. It was a voice of agony, suc as was never before heard by the living generation of this continent. The people of our great family of states, with prompt and Christian philanthropy, answered that cry, by sending bread to the millions who uttered it.

Seed time and harvest have again succeeded each other, and the boundless fields of our extended country have produced an abundance without parallel since the settlement of this new world.

In all the years of the history of Massachusetts, few have exhibited more evidences of internal and domestic prosperity than the past.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." All our blessings come from HIM. For the manifold mercies of the past year, we owe to HIM a public manifestation of acknowledgement and gratitude.

I do, therefore, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF NOVEMBER next, to be observed by the people of this Commonwealth, as a day of public thanksgiving and praise.

On that day, let us remember His goodness, cease from the pursuits of business and of pleasure, go up to the temples of His worship, and offer to HIM the "sacrifice of thanksgiving."

Whilst we "enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise," let us, as sinners, humble ourselves before HIM, and implore His pardoning grace.

In the enjoyment of His rich temporal blessings, let us be sensible that HE offers to us spiritual blessings far more precious, and remember "that HE so loved the world, that HE gave His only begotten SON, that whosoever believeth in HIM should not perish, but have everlasting life."

With sincere hearts, let us pray, that HE will continue to regard our Commonwealth with favor.

That HE will bless the industry of all classes of our citizens, and reward their varied and honest pursuits with success:

That HE will smile upon our common schools, and higher seminaries of learning, and make them the approved and efficient instruments of intellectual and moral improvement:

That the widow, the fatherless, and the poor, may be the objects of His compassionate care:

That HE will fill the hearts of the opulent with a spirit of noble liberality, and cause them to realize the truth of the Savior's words, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive":

That HE will impart spiritual energy to the ministers of His word, and make them wise to win souls:

That HE will imbue the minds of professing Christians, bearing different names, with the spirit of their divine master, and lead them to imitate HIM in acts of kindness and good will towards their fellow-men:

That HE will look propitiously upon our common country, and, by diffusing among our citizens the principles of justice and truth, and impressing them with a sacred and abiding regard for the rights of man, strengthen the bonds of this great Union, and make it perpetual:

That HE will vouchsafe to open the way by which three millions of the human race, in this land of liberty, now wearing the chains of slavery, shall without violence or convulsion be raised to the condition of freemen:

That HE will speedily arrest the calamities of war, and put an end to those hostilities, which, at this time, are wasting the treasures and sacrificing the lives of our own countrymen, and carrying desolation and death throughout a neighboring Republic:

And, to consummate the greatest good to the whole family of man, that HE will cause the GOSPEL OF HIS SON to be preached and received among the nations, and HIS GLORIOUS KINGDOM to be extended to the remotest bounds of the earth.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this second day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, and of the Independence of the United States the seventy-second.

GEORGE N. BRIGGS.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council,

JOHN G. PALFREY, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SECULAR SUMMARY.

FROM EUROPE. The Steamer Caledonia arrived at this port on Friday P. M. We have English news by her to the 19th ult. and French papers to the 16th.

The news is of great interest, particularly to the mercantile portion of our community. There continued to be great commercial distress in England. A great number of heavy failures, of respectable and long established houses, had taken place since the previous arrivals. The Royal Bank of Liverpool had suspended specie payments.

LATER FROM EUROPE. By the arrival of the Steamer Washington, at New York, we have received four days later news from England. The Liverpool Times says:—

"Since the departure of the Caledonia, no amelioration in the state of mercantile affairs can be said to have taken place. The failures which have occurred have not been of that extensive character as those previously recorded; but in Liverpool the pressure has been as great as at any period of the crisis, if not greater.

Government, though repeatedly applied to by the most influential and respectable parties, to interfere, had refused; though the opinion is expressed, that as soon as Ministers can make up their minds as to what should be done, Parliament will be immediately called together, and the subject laid before them.

There was great distress in the manufacturing districts. In Lancashire there were 50,000 men, with their families, unemployed. Outbreaks were expected, and government was collecting a large military force to overawe any insurrection.

IRELAND. The condition of things in Ireland seems to be growing more and more desperate. Want and distress, plundering of provisions, and general insubordination of the people are the main subjects of all the communications received from that country.

SWITZERLAND is regarded as still on the very brink of a civil war, which once begun, may prove a war of extermination to one of the parties. It is rumored, however, that at the last moment, France and Austria are to interfere, countenanced by England and Russia.

ITALY. The reported evacuation of Ferarra, by the Austrian troops is said not to be correct. The Austrians held possession of it as late as Oct. 10th.

SPAIN. The report of a reconciliation between the Queen of Spain and her husband is confirmed. But it is still believed that intrigue and corruption are still as busily at work as ever, in that wretched country.

INDIA. The latest news from Calcutta is to the 7th of Sept.—from Bombay to the 11th. Tranquility generally prevails throughout India.

CHINA. Hong Kong papers of Aug. 25th are received. All remained quiet in Canton, though there was evidently an uneasy feeling existing.

SOCIETY ISLANDS. Letters of May 17th contain the important announcement of the official declaration of the Independence of the Society Islands, by the French and English Governments. The French had given up all claim to Borabora, and the natives were returning, rebuilding their houses and settling on their lands.

STATE ELECTION. The Election of State Officers took place in this State on Monday. The result is in favor of the Whig candidates for Governor and Lieut. Governor. The vote for these officers stands as follows,—(about 6 towns yet to be heard from.)

Briggs,		528,95
Cushing,	389,36	509,04
Scattering,	119,68	

Leaving a clear majority for Briggs, 1991

The members of the Senate elected are all Whigs,—of whom there are enough for a quorum. As a large proportion of the members of the House elect are Whigs, it will be in the power of this party, on a joint vote, to fill all the vacancies in the Senate with men of the same political sentiments.

As the principal opposing candidate of Gov. Briggs is a War man, the issue of the present political contest seemed to be on the question of approval on non-approval of the Government War measures against Mexico. The result of the election must, therefore, be gratifying to the friends of peace, of whatever party.

MEXICAN WAR—HENRY CLAY. The Philadelphia North American gives the following telegraph despatch from Cincinnati:—

"On Saturday, Nov. 13th, Henry Clay will speak in Lexington, Ky., on the Mexican war, its authors and objects."

☞ If any one wishes a handsomer working set of teeth than that, which is eating away at some invisible provisions in Dr. Morton's case of specimens, we have only to say, that he is very unreasonable. Not content with a discovery by which one's teeth can be taken out without his knowing it, he will put in a set which may be worn with equal unconsciousness. There is an exquisite finish about the teeth and their fittings which foreign competition can hardly surpass. Judging from these specimens, one need not go beyond 19, Tremont Row, for his ivory. [Ploughman. nov13

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the Union on Monday evening next, Nov. 15th, at the Vestry of the Suffolk Street Chapel, at 7 o'clock.

Question:—What should be the character of Sunday School Libraries?

As the Teachers have not met at this place for nearly four years, and as the question is one of great importance, it is hoped that every School will be fully represented.

nov13 T. GAFFIELD, Secretary.

☞ REV. FREDERICK T. GRAY, will deliver an Address upon the subject of Total Abstinence from all that can intoxicate, at the request of the Boston Y. M. T. A. Society, tomorrow, Sunday Evening, at the Vestry of the Bulfinch Street Church. Young men are invited to attend. nov13

☞ THE WORCESTER ASSOCIATION, will meet at the House of Rev. Mr. Allen, in Sterling, on Tuesday, Nov. 16th, at 5 o'clock. P. M.

nov13 H. WITHINGTON, Scribe.

☞ RELIGIOUS UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS. Public Religious Services, under direction of William H. Channing, EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at Washingtonian Hall, Bromfield Street. Seats free to all. nov6

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday, Oct. 28, at the Church on Church Green, by the Rev Dr Young, Mr Addison Child, to Miss Abba Cunningham, daughter of Josiua Child, Esq., all of this city.

On Tuesday, by Rev F. D. Huntington, Mr George Hastings, of Northfield, to Miss Mary Langdon, only daughter of Henry Cunningham, of Boston.

On 27th ult, by Rev Mr Peabody, Geo. H. Peters to Melancie A., daughter of Sam'l K. Williams, Esq., of this city.

In Dorchester, 4th inst, Mr Frank E. Templett to Miss Persis V., eldest daughter of John Preston, Esq.

In Concord, Mass., 9th inst, by Rev Mr Frost, Henry Livingston (only son of Hon. Daniel Shuttuck) to Miss Mary H., only daughter of Sherman Barrett, Esq., all of C.

In New York city, 2d inst, at the residence of D. French, Esq., by Rev. Mr Bellows, John Babcock, Esq., to Miss Alice C., daughter of the late Andrew W. Bell, Esq., of Portsmouth, N. H.

DEATHS.

In this city, 31st ult, Mr Edward F. Follansbee, merchant, 40.

On Monday morning, very suddenly, Mr John R. Jacobs, 49.

31st ult, Miss Lucinda Fay, 28, daughter of the late Windsor Fay.

28th ult, George Frederick, 19, eldest son of Benj. Dodd, Esq.

In Charlestown, 28th ult, Mr Richard Devens, 63.

In Calais, Me., 22d ult, Mrs Charlotte P. Grosvenor, 37, wife of Jas. S. Pike, Esq., of C.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. This is a chemical extract of Wild Cherry and Tar. Every body knows that Wild Cherry possesses important medicinal properties; and Tar Water has always been administered in Consumption, and Lung affections generally, by our oldest and safest physicians. Various remedies, it is true, have been offered and puffed into notice for the cure of diseases of the lungs, and some have been found no doubt very useful, but of all that have yet been discovered, it is admitted by physicians, and all who have witnessed its effects, that none has proved as successful as this. For Asthma, Shortness of Breath, and similar affections it may be pronounced a positive cure. It has cured Asthma in many cases of ten and twenty years standing, after physicians had declared the case beyond the reach of medicine.

This Balsam is made from materials which Nature has placed in all northern latitudes, as an antidote for diseases caused by cold climates.

"Nature is but the name for an effect
Whose cause is God."

Let us not neglect her pluinest dictates.'

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 133 Washington st., Boston, and by Druggists generally. nov13

PREMIUM TEETH,

MORTON'S LETHEON DENTAL ESTABLISHMENT, No. 19 TREMONT ROW.

PATRONS of Dr. Morton will perceive by the Report of the Committee of the Fair, that in addition to having Either administered by the original discoverer, they are assured of equally uncommon advantages in the other department of his profession, a premium having been awarded him for a splendid case of Artificial Teeth. iscoptf nov13

ORCHARD HILL FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL. Mr. and Mrs. Mack, formerly of Cambridge, on the Monday after Thanksgiving, the 29th inst, propose to open their Boarding School in a new house planned and furnished expressly for the accommodation of twelve pupils. Their course of instruction will embrace the Ancient and Modern Languages, and the English branches usually pursued in Academies.

The house is situated in Watertown, near the Watertown and West Cambridge Depot, on the *Fitchburg Railroad*, six miles from Boston, in the midst of extensive and diversified grounds, in the immediate vicinity of the well known Wellington Hill, commanding a wide and beautiful prospect; is well warmed, well ventilated, and supplied with an abundance of pure spring water in each story; also a bathing room, containing a douche, shower bath, &c., &c.

For further particulars, address Mr. and Mrs. Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston.

Nov. 13th, 1847. iseoptJan1

SPLENDID ILLUSTRATED WORKS. The Poetical Works of Fitz Greene Halleck, now first collected, illustrated with 7 steel engravings, 1 vol 8vo.

The Mirror of Life, edited by Mrs. L. C. Tuthill, 11 beautiful engravings; Scenes in the Lives of the Patriarchs and Prophets, 7 engravings; this same volume matches Scenes in the Life of the Savior and Apostles, published last year.

Scott and Scotland, 27 steel engravings.

The Rhine, 80 steel engravings.

A Gallery of 100 steel engravings.

The Parables of Our Lord, splendidly illustrated and bound.

Thomson's Seasons, a new and splendid edition, &c., &c. Just received by

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THE GOSPEL OF TO-DAY. A Discourse delivered at the Ordination of T. W. Higginson, in Newburyport, with the Charge, Right Hand of Fellowship, &c., &c. 20 cents. This day published by

CROSBY & NICHOLS,
nov13 is3t 111 Washington st.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 183. Price 12½ cents.

1. Historical Notices of Psalmody, by J. H. Horne.
2. The Beautiful Maniac.
3. The Portrait.
4. The Sexton's Hero.
5. Mr. Kendall's Letters from Mexico.
6. Santa Anna and his designs.

Published once a Week at Six Dollars a Year, by E. LITTELL & CO.,
nov13 1tis 165 Tremont st.

BRIGGS' CONVENTION SERMON. Just published, the Sermon preached before the Autumnal Convention of Unitarian Christians, at Salem Mass., by Rev. Geo. W. Briggs, of Plymouth, Mass.

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WRENTHAM ACADEMY. The Winter Term will commence on Tuesday, the 7th of December.

L. ALLEN KINGSBURY,
S. DEWING, JR.

References.—Boston—Rev. E. S. Gannett, DD.. Rev. Martin Moore, Dea. Moses Grant. Wrentham—Elisha Fiske, Rev. Horace James, W. Needham, Rev. Harvey Newcomb, S. Natick, Rev. B. Gannett, W. C. Chandler, M. D. 5tis nov6

DR. BUSHNELL'S DISCOURSE ON CHRISTIAN NURTURE,—and subjects adjacent thereto.

Evangeline—A new Poem, by H. W. Longfellow.

A new edition of Emerson's Essays.

A new and beautiful edition of Thompson's Seasons, illustrated with a large number of engravings.

Just received and for sale at SIMPKINS'S, 94 Washington street. nov6

MEDICATED INHALATION. For Pulmonary Complaints, Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Affections and Digestive Organs. Dr. Frost can be consulted by Patients at his Office, No. 288 Washington street, Boston, personally, or by letter, where he treats the above complaints by a new and decidedly improved method by which the patient is relieved principally of the nauseating effects of continued taking of drugs, but receives his medicine by *inhalation* to the parts affected so that the healthy parts of the system need not be affected and sickened by the curative remedy, thus giving a *practical remedy* to the disease and leaving nature to pursue its true course. Patients out of the city are requested to be as minute as possible in the detail of their cases, as to the duration of their complaints, the symptoms, age, habits of living and occupation. Address post paid as above, advice gratis.

NOTE.—The most prevalent and fatal of all diseases incident to our climate, *Consumption*, may generally be traced to a slight cold. By an estimate not long since made, it appears that upwards of *one hundred and fifty thousand die* annually of *Pulmonary* Complaints. *Take heed*, delays are dangerous.

nov6 iuly

CARPETS.

TAPESTRY, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, SUPERFINE AND COMMON

CARPETINGS!

JUST RECEIVED AND ARE NOW OPENING AT

BREWER'S CARPET STORE,

No. 28 COURT STREET.

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oct30 6w

COMMITTEES AND TEACHERS are invited to look at the PRACTICAL READER; the FOURTH BOOK OF TOWER'S Series for Common Schools, developing PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION, practically illustrated by *elementary exercises*, with READING LESSONS, in which references are made to these principles; with a partial VOCABULARY at the end of each lesson, to impart a *knowledge of language* understan lingly, in giving the *meaning* of above a *thousand difficult words* in their practical application and use. Teachers say this is the best Reader yet published and that its *practical utility* will bring it into general use.

Just published by Cady & Burgess, New York—B. B. Mussey & Co., J. W. Reynolds & Co., Boston. oct30

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, No. CXLIV for Nov. 1847. Edited by Rev. Alvan Lamson, and Rev. Ezra S. Gannett.

CONTENTS.

Art. I. Madame Guyon.
II. Causes of the Decline of Interest in Critical Theology.
III. Evelyn's Life of Mrs. Godalphin.
IV. Abolition of Capital Punishment.
V. Edwards and the Revivalists.
VI. Germany, Religious and Political.
VII. Torrey's Translation of Neander.
VIII. Bushnell on Christian Nurture.
IX. Notices of Recent Publications.
X. Intelligence.

*** The Examiner is published once in two months at Four Dollars per annum by

CROSBY & NICHOLS,
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In Press, and will soon be Published,

THE UNITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL REGISTER, for 1848, containing Astronomical and General Information; Statistics of Liberal Christianity; a brief outline of the Doctrines of Unitarianism, selected from various writers, and Miscellaneous Articles.

*** Clergymen are respectfully requested to make the work known among their people.

☞ A liberal discount allowed.

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A Highland Chief 100 years ago; Humboldt; Randolph's Death-Bed; French Society and Politics; New Testament Travels; Sugar Planters Manual; Maiden Aunt, No. 4; Contreras; Churubusco; and Twenty other Articles.

Published once a week at Six Dollars a Year by E. LITTELL & CO., 165 Tremont street. oct23

FLANNELS. BENJ. & E. JACOBS & CO., No. 35 Tremont Row, have received their Autumn supply of Flannels, comprising an extensive variety of styles and widths, among which are 5-4 and 6-4 extra fine English Flannels, and 5-4 and 6-4 Silk and Wool do for infant's Blankets; Welch and American gauge Flannels; Patent Flannel, 7-8 and 4-4 Silk and Wool do, Shaker Flannels of an extra stout fabric; Cotton and Wool do; Flannel Sheeting 2¼ yds wide, milled and twilled Flannels; Unbleached and Undressed do, Unbleached and Bleached Cotton, do. Most of the above goods are particularly manufactured for their trade, and are of a superior fabric, and many of them warranted not to shrink in washing. sept18

VALUABLE RELIGIOUS LIBRARY,—comprising Jahn's Introduction, do Hebrew Commonwealth, do Archæology, Cappe's Summary, do Life of Christ, Lardner's Works, 5 vols 4to, Leland on Revelation, Newcomb's Observations, Rosenmulla on New Testament, 5 vols, do Old Testament 4 vols, Campbell's Four Gospels, South's Isaiah, Scriptural Interpreter edited by Dr. Gannett and others, Religion of Nature, Tucker, Light of Nature, Stuart's Complete Works, Paley's Complete Works, Wardlaw on Unitarianism, Vindication of Unitarianism, Campbell's Lectures, Smith's Moral Sentiments, Coleridge's Friend, Cogan on the Passions, Carpenter's Harmony, Spark's Essays and Tracts, Taylor on the Atonement, Massillon's Charges, Locke's Common Place Family Bible, Ranke's History of the Popes, Locke on the Epistle, Taylor on Romans, Strauss' Life of Jesus, Voices of the Church in Reply to Strauss', Dodd's Common Place Family Bible, Christian Examiner complete, Barnes' Isaiah, Text Book of Ecclesiastical History, Rush's Scripture Illustrations, &c., &c. For sale low by

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ENGLISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN STATIONERY. Consisting of Cap, Letter and Note Paper; Tissue, Cartridge and Wrapping Paper; Envelopes; Drawing Paper; Bristol Board; Bonnet and Binders' Board; Drawing and Writing Pencils; Osborne's Water Colors; Sealing Wax; Wafers; Steel Pens, on cards and in boxes; Gold Pens; Black, Blue, and Red Writing Ink; Gold and Silver Pencil Cases; Inkstands; Pocket Books; Wallets; Memorandum Books; Card Cases; Motto Seals; Letter Stamps; Visiting Cards; Gammon Boards; Chess Men; Portfolios; Work Boxes; Writing Desks; Transparent, Porcelain and School Slates; Drawing Books and Copy Books; Indelible Ink, &c.

For sale wholesale and retail at SIMPKINS'S No 94 Washington street. sept4

ENGLISH BIBLES just received. Also,—a large assortment of American Bibles, received and for sale at low prices, at SIMPKINS'S, 94 Washington street. sept25

DANIELL & CO.,

201 Washington Street.

HAVING received the most part of our Stock for

FALL SALES,

We are now prepared to offer, at WHOLESALE

POETRY.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with heaven, or see
Only in the savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes;—
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvest of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempests, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm, upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast,
The quiet of the moment, too, is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

SONNET.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH, OF NEW YORK.

Oh thou who once on earth, beneath the weight
Of our mortality didst live and move,
The incarnation of profoundest love;
Who on the Cross that love didst consummate,
Whose deep and ample fulness could embrace
The poorest, meanest of our fallen race,
How shall we e'er that boundless debt repay?
By long loud prayers in gorgeous temples said?
By rich oblations on thine altars laid?
Ah, no! not thus thou didst appoint the way:
When thou wast bowed our human woe beneath,
Then as a legacy thou didst bequeath
Earth's sorrowing children to our ministry;
And as we do to them, we do to Thee.

THE MORNING CALL.

"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

(A Duett or Quartette.)

1. Come seek me early, while in youth yet glowing,
Come ere ye stray in error's devious ways,
Come while yet childhood's fountains fresh are flowing,
While o'er the brow no shade of sorrow plays.
Come in your brightness like the morning shining,
Come, ere temptation may her snares increase;
Now in life's promise to her voice inclining,
Come seek the paths of wisdom and of peace.

2. Life has its cares, and soon youth's day of gladness
Will, like the phantoms ye are chasing, fly;
Clouds will arise, and gloom will come with sadness,
Friends will forget and kindred loved ones die.
Time is but shadows measured by to-morrows,
Hopes to beguile and prospects to destroy;
'Tis Gilead's balm alone can banish sorrows,
'Tis but with wisdom dwells unceasing joy.

3. When age brings on decrepitude complaining,
And worldly pleasures flit beyond your ken,
When disappointment is her cold cup draining,
You will need comfort, consolation then.
Vain are the shrines at which earth's votaries kneeling
Seek for the peace that cometh from above;
Wisdom alone, the power of truth revealing,
Will lead to mansions of unchanging love.

4. Here is that slumber where, in hope reposing,
Lingers the spirit in unclouded bliss,
While o'er its dust the veil of time is closing—
Who would not early choose a rest like this?
Come then in all your vernal freshness blooming,
Ere yet one tint is shaded by decay;
Come, and through faith for brighter mansions pluming
Turn, turn your longings from the world away.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO SPOIL A GOOD CITIZEN.

[Concluded from Register of Aug. 14.]

"Oh dear, what can have become of Edward?"

"Nay, pshaw, don't worry yourself, wife; Bill Jones knows all about him, I dare say. He'll turn up soon enough, I'll warrant him; a bad penny always comes back again."

"Bill has not seen him for two days. I greatly fear he—O, I cannot tell you what I fear. He has not been heard of anywhere since you parted, night before last."

"Well, I know it. He's skulking round; never fear. Or may be he's gone off. I should'nt wonder. I gave him a faithful talking to, seeing he was sober enough to hear me patiently. I made him feel to the back-bone how wicked he was, how vile, and unworthy of our affection."

"He knew all you could tell him, and more, about that. Had you encouraged him by a kind word——"

"Encourage him in what? I must first sound the alarm to his conscience. Come what will, I've done my duty to him. I've been faithful, I trust. I shall have that comfort."

"Will it comfort you, if—if—he has thrown himself into the river in his despair!"

"No fear—nonsense—He might *fall* in—but he generally knows what he is about well enough to keep out of harm's way."

"He spoke of suicide, you know, as if the idea had entered his thoughts; and that is what I have been thinking of all night, and dared not speak of, lest the danger should seem more real to my mind. But there is no knowing what he might do in a fit of delirium."

Having thus given vent to her dismal apprehensions, Mrs. Harland's agitation became so ungovernable that it communicated itself to her husband, inspite of his determination not to be alarmed. Presently the whole neighborhood was excited by his anxious search, and gloomy conjectures were fast becoming rumors, when a pedlar drove into the street who had news of the lost sheep. He had seen Edward at a considerable distance from home, and was charged with a message to his father, that all pursuit would be fruitless, and to his mother that it would be equally vain to send any thing after him, as he was travelling on, as fast as his strength would permit. To her anxious inquiries the messenger had not much to say, having merely seen this wanderer sitting by the side of the road to rest. But he remarked that he was evidently sober, and said something about employment in some place where he was not known.

Weeks passed into months, and months into years. The old man never spoke of Edward, and neighbors and strangers forbore to mention his name in his presence. His memory seemed to have vanished from the earth more completely than if he had been dead and buried, for then survivors would have talked of him as he was in happier years, leaving his fall and his subsequent wretched life to be judged by Him who cannot err.

But his mother—could *she* forget her unhappy boy? It seemed so, for she was once more cheerful, and apparently healthy, bustling and busy about her household affairs, as if she were constantly expecting visitors. There were no heart-sick watchings, no more agitating scenes to shake her nerves, and she was not only tranquil, but ready to smile and make merry with the neighbors' children, calling them in to play in her little garden, or taste her nice things. With their help, she sometimes called up a momentary smile upon the gloomy countenance of her husband. Once, as he kindly patted a curly little head, she ventured to say, "Ah, is it not like Edward's at his age!" But the father's only answer was a groan, and a look of agony, as if she had struck a dagger into his bosom.

There was one sympathizing friend, who knew that poor Edward was never forgotten. Mary Lee was a willing listener while the mother's imagination bridged the chasm which divided her from her wandering child, and pictured his return to happiness and the paternal roof. Mary did not share her romantic hopes; her good sense suggested that a destitute and forlorn condition was not the most favorable to reform, and that a man of weak principles and bad habits was not probably gaining his living in an honest and respectable way, nor hiding himself from all who knew him, in order to form a character of which his friends had no need to be ashamed for him. By kindly pretending to hope, however, and suggesting cheering probabilities when the mother's yearning heart grew sick with hope deferred, she herself at last began to have a faint and wavering faith in Edward's final return. "A man who has yet *a heart* is not to be wholly despaired of," thought she, as she heard repeated for the thousandth time Edward's last conversation with his mother.

At last Edward came home, and was pressed to his mother's bosom with joy. Not that he came smiling and well clad, bearing in his mein the credentials of respectability and good conduct, prepared to meet his father's eye, and proudly to answer his doubts and fears. Edward, as of old, came home late at night, when his father had retired to bed. Drenched with rain, muddy with travelling, shivering with illness, a more wretched object could hardly be conceived. He was soon in a comfortable bed by the warm fireside, and if his mother wept, as she watched his feverish slumbers, it was not because she had asked any questions, or listened to any confession. She wept with joy and tenderness that she had the privilege of ministering to his comfort in his distress.

Soon her husband waked, and came to share her anxious watch. At first he kept carefully out of sight, and spoke only in whispers, but before morning Edward was in the delirium of a fever, unconscious who were sitting pale and aghast at his bedside, while he raved of robbery and murder, flight and pursuit, and called on his father to protect him.

Early in the morning, Mary Lee came to the house, and opened the door, as usual, without knocking, when her further entrance was prevented by Mrs. Harland, who drew her back into the entry, threw herself on her neck, and sobbed aloud.

"You have heard, then," said Mary. "How fast bad news flies! I have brought the newspaper; has Mr. Harland seen it yet!"

"Edward is here—here in this house," cried the mother, not attending to what she said.

"Here!" said Mary, turning pale, "what madness! Yet perhaps they may not come to look for him, till less obvious places are searched. Where—where have you concealed him!"

"Help! You shall not hurt a hair of his head! Murdering villain! Strike *me* first! I'll call the watch! Fly, Henry, fly!" cried Edward, struggling with his father, whose voice was heard, bidding him lie down, and be quiet, in tones of authority mingled with tenderness. Mrs. Harland ran to compose the darkened mind of the sufferer by caresses and soothing words.

"There—there—they shan't hurt Henry—no—he's safe enough—all's well now—go to sleep again—poor boy — your mother is by — father watching too——"

"But the crow-bar! See his white forehead, all bloody! Cruel! Cruel! The iron bar——"

"Here! I have taken it away—and the pick-axe too —— Hush — sh — sh — Hush!"

Mr. Harland came to press Mary's hand in silence. She pointed to a paragraph in the newspaper she had brought, in which Edward's name was mentioned. A goldsmith's shop in a neighboring town had been broken into in the night. A young man who slept in the store had from some cause had his suspicions awakened, and being a heavy sleeper, brought his mattress into the front part of the store. He did not, however, wake till the villains had made good their entrance, and as soon as he opened his eyes, he was stunned by a heavy blow on the head; not, however, till he had recognized in one of the ruffians a young man he had formerly known, by the name of Edward Harland.

"What can be done?" said Mary, her tears falling fast, as the old man with shaking hands, but an unmoved countenance, folded the paper, and returned it to her.

"Nothing."

"If he were not so sick—"

"The justice of God and man has overtaken him, and to their mercy we must leave him."

"I will stay — perhaps I may be of use."

"God bless you, my child, you are always a comfort to us."

When the officers of justice came to apprehend Edward, they found him held in durance by a stronger power than theirs, and were convinced, as they stood by his bedside, that a death was impending over him which neither flight nor concealment could evade. They listened to his incoherent broken exclamations in hopes to obtain some clue to the discovery of his accomplices, and the names which he uttered led to a close espial of the motions of certain individuals, and their final committal on suspicion.

Many days passed, and Edward was still on the borders of the grave. The inquiring neighbors and townspeople were daily surprised with the intelligence that he was yet living, and charitably hoped that he would die. "For surely," they said to each other, in mutual apology for so heathen a wish, "surely, he can be no loss, and will live only to go to prison and stand his trial, to bring a public disgrace on his family," &c.

Far different were the feelings of the three watchers by Edward's bedside. At the end of a fortnight, the balance turned in his favor, and he gradually rose so far that his mind and speech returned to him. How welcome, and how interesting was every sane word, as he gained strength to ask for anything he wanted, and thank the bearer of it. Mary had kept her promise to be a sister to him in sickness and distress, and he now expressed his grateful sense of her condescension and kindness.

"When I get better, I shall tell you all, and how unworthy I am that any one should befriend me. O Mary! Terrible as death looked to me, when I thought each day's sun would be the last I should see, I had rather die, than go back to what I was—to the life I led."

Edward's recovery was as slow, as, with the prospect of a prison and trial before him he could wish, and many long and interesting conversations convinced his anxious friends that his repentance was sincere and humble, and not the mere effect of weakness or fear.

"I should have come home long since, if, like the returning prodigal, I could have hoped for a father's forgiveness. I had nothing to say but that I had sinned till my wretchedness brought me home; and I dared not come into your presence, my father."

"How little you knew me, my son. A true penitent I could not but receive kindly."

"Perhaps I was not a true penitent. I only know I was most miserable, and longed to fly from myself, and from the diabolical associates with whom I had become involved to such an extent that I was powerless in their hands. How I envied the faithful Henry Allen when I found him, lying in his innocent sleep, prepared to defend his master's property—yes, envied him when I saw the iron club suspended over his head, ready to strike if he awoke. The weapon was in the hand of a brutal villain, an English deserter—who had seen enough of butchery to think lightly of shedding blood. I knew he would not spare. I could hardly even pretend to be busied in anything but watching those closed lids, on which the glare of the lantern fell full and strong. At last, they quivered—the eyes opened—I sprang forward to stop the descending blow—I was too late—I caught Stewart's arm, and held it in check a moment—but the fellow threw me off, dropping his lantern, in the scuffle—and at the same moment, I heard that dull, heavy stroke, which I supposed to be fatal—for Henry neither moved, nor groaned—I became faint and sick——Having accomplished their object, the villains hurried off with their booty, dragging me with them, with threats and curses. Hearing sounds which made them apprehensive of pursuit, they left me in an alley, to shift for myself, and made off in different directions. From that time, I scarcely remember anything, till I found myself lying here, unable to raise my head without assistance."

"Poor boy! No one but your mother would have known you for Edward Harland, that night, bowed down with pain, and wild with fever, dripping with rain, your very hair clogged with mud."

"And whatever may await you, as punishment due to your crimes, we shall find comfort in the thought that, at least, no blood is upon your hands."

"I am resigned to suffer what I deserve, and bless God that I am not a Stewart, and at liberty," said Edward, shuddering. "I have heard that man talk of the most horrible atrocities with perfect indifference, and even with brutal gaiety. I have felt my flesh creep, and my hair rise with horror and disgust—my soul loathed the companionship of such a diabolical nature. Yet, Mary, I had fallen so low that no indignant word escaped my lips, lest him boast as he might. I, and others like me, regarded his cold-blooded contempt of the ordinary feelings of humanity as a matter of course in a man whose trade had been war and rapine. I was led by him, I hardly know why or how, except that he had an iron will, and I was weak, and regarded myself as hopelessly lost. It was not fear of him that brought me under his power—at least, not personal fear—though I knew that, give him but *a motive*, he would not spare the life or happiness of his best friend—*Friend!* I said—such a word is not for him—hardly for me."

"*You* could never have become so callous, I trust," said Mary.

"You would have said once, I never could rob a benefactor," said Edward. "You would have thought once that I could be no man's enemy but my own. But when a man has neither the power nor the will to struggle against evil, when he gives himself up to whatever current may be bearing him on to ruin, he goes downward like a straw in a whirlpool."

"Conscience was not dead in your breast," said the old man. "I frequently was convinced of that before you left me, and your repentant feelings prove it now."

"Father, the pain of my conscience was like the agony of the nightmare, which the sleeper cannot throw off by an effort, though he is dimly conscious that he might do so. You hoped to rouse me to better things. It only increased my torment. I was angry and ashamed, but not penitent under your reproaches. My mother sometimes awakened my better nature—it has never been wholly torpid. But the shock of Henry Allen's murder burst my bondage, and set me free—that, and the near view of my own grave. And now I pray God in his mercy to keep me from falling back into the pit from which I have escaped. Pray for me, my friends, for I feel my weakness. Do not ask that I may be saved from disgrace and imprisonment, nor even death, if I have so far violated the laws—but pray that my good resolutions, my humble contrition may not pass away, and leave me more hardened than before. That is all I dread. I have no other fear."

Edward's strength gradually returned, and as soon as he was able to sit up, a guard was kept round the house to prevent his abduction or escape. Not all his father's arguments, his mother's persuasions, and the terrors of the law had yet been able to convince Edward that when he gave himself up, he ought also to give up his accomplices. To his view it was meanness and treachery. By turning state's evidence, and delivering up the gang, or at least those already in custody, to punishment, he could himself be exempted from it. It was a perverted generosity, but still like his former self, that made him revolt at such immunity. Mary alone sympathised with it, while her judgement was unbiassed, and she endeavored to show him that it was a feeling he had no right to indulge at the expense of the community.

One night, when Edward's arm-chair had been placed where he could enjoy the cool air from the open door, a man suddenly appeared, and pointed a pistol at his breast, with violent and threatening, but silent gesture. Before the invalid could call any assistance, he had vanished, leaving at Edward's feet a scrawl, bidding him take heed, for if Jim Stewart and Bill Johnson were not soon released, through his testimony, there were those at liberty who would take his life, and burn his father's house over his head.

Edward no longer hesitated what course to pursue. Through his testimony, and the information he was able to afford to the police, a gang of housebreakers and incendiaries which had infested the neighborhood was broken up, and the leaders among them sent to the state prison. Henry Allen recovered, and the gallows was robbed of its due in the person of Bill Stewart. It was to be supposed, however, that the tender mercies of an enlightened jury would have defrauded the hangman, had he been tried for his life, since murder for murder is fast going out of use, except among the uncivilized tribes of the red men, or in the court of Judge Lynch. Stewart's full acquittal would probably have ensued upon his capital trial, setting him loose to wreak his vengeance upon the Harlands. No mischief befel them though Edward looked for it daily, and almost accused Providence of injustice that he was allowed to pursue his way undisturbed, and with every aid and encouragement to improvement.

It is a good natured world in general, and a sincere and humble heart finds no lack of cheering good will abroad in it. Whenever Edward met with reproach and contempt, instead of encouraging treatment, he bore it patiently and humbly, as no more than his due; and his submission put severity out of countenance. He gradually acquired the confidence of those who had any intercourse with him, and built up a new character, the more valuable as it was founded on humility and self-distrust, which led him to religion for aid and hope.

In a few years, Mrs. Harland died. Her eyes were closed by the hand of her son, whose grief was rendered bitter by the thought that the seeds of her decline were sown by his misconduct. Such sorrow hardly admits of consolation, or of being healed by time. The old man gave up his business at once into Edward's hands, and withdrawing his thoughts and affections from the world, waited in a state of tranquility nearly resembling lethargy, his own summons to depart. Every one saw that he would soon follow her who had so many years been his companion; and who should console poor Edward, whose errors had brought premature old age upon his father, and who felt bowed to the earth by grief and loneliness of heart! Who but Mary, who to his glad surprise, yielded to the old man's request that she would be their comforter, and by marrying Edward, fill the void made by the death of Mrs. Harland. Edward knew that her early romantic love for him could never be renewed, and her union with him must be viewed as in some degree a sacrifice. Mary was generally beloved, and by many admired; and he hesitated to urge her to share a stained name and humble income. But, either from friendship, or pity, or something of her old affection for him, remaining at the bottom of her good little heart, Mary cheerfully gave him her hand, and brought the sunshine of her smiles to gladden the desolate home of the Harlands.

The old man revived under her affectionate ministrations, and lived to tell the story of the old sword, and its valorous owner, to his grandchildren, whose parents, however, sought early to enlist their young hearts in brave and active service under that banner whose motto is, "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

[Monthly Rel. Mag.

THE WISE AND GOOD POLICE OFFICER.

Passing from the office of the *Prisoner's Friend* to the neighborhood of Fort Hill and Broad Street one day last week, seeking a place for a poor child whose mother is in prison and whose father is dead, noticing the poor dwellings and seeing some of the wretched inhabitants, the thought came to my mind that I seldom found persons in our jail from that part of the city. I was perplexed to know why it was so. Meeting soon after the police officer who was stationed in that neighborhood, I observed to him that I seldom found persons in jail from his district, and that probably he did not have much to do. He soon explained to me why it was so. He informed me that when he was first stationed there, he took a list of all the poor families, and of their number of children. He then gave them good advice. If they were in want he assisted them; if intoxicated, he had a room to which he took them, and kept them until they became quiet and sober. Last Thanksgiving week he collected one hundred and sixty-five dollars, purchased provisions, and distributed them among the poor. The natural consequence of this generous course has been that they look upon him as a friend, benefactor, and father. Not one of them has ever assaulted him, or even given him a saucy word, and he has been among them a year. Seldom has he any occasion to confine them. Usually they comply with his wishes as soon as they are spoken to. Like the other police officers, he was furnished by the high sheriff with the usual means of confining the hands of prisoners, but he has never had occasion to use them.

The name of this excellent officer is Lysander Ripley. He is a wise and good police officer. Could a sufficient number of such persons be constantly employed in Boston, our prisons would soon be useless, our courts would be vacated, our sheriffs would be unemployed, poverty would be diminished, and crime would be prevented. It is much better to pay for preventing than for punishing crime

[Prisoner's Friend.

THE MOSQUITO.

The mosquito has been generally considered by naturalists as belonging to the gnat family, the *Culicides*. Some doubt may exist upon the subject, but there can be none that it is the true representative in the tropics of the gnat at the poles and at home. The mosquito is not quite so large an insect as the common gnat; but if less in size, it is a much more dreaded and dreadful enemy. It is, we believe, Mr. Westwood who considers the mosquito to have been "the plague of flies," the emissaries to execute Divine wrath upon the Egyptians. Neither is its sphere of torment limited alone to hot climates; it appears to endure the intense winter of the Crimea, and does dreadful mischief in its summer to the Russian soldiers. Dr. Clarke says they are actually compelled to sleep in sacks! and even this does not prove an efficient protection, as cases of mortification in consequence of their bites are not unfrequent. In America, the accounts of mosquito-bitten travellers are most painful to read. We sometimes meet with the travels of a learned enthusiast, who gives us a glowing picture of the glories of the banks of the Orinoco: let us take some scattered remarks from Baron Humbolt's "Personal Narrative" as a set-off against these romancings. He says there are three different species of mosquito." Some will sting from an early hour in the morning all day long until five in the afternoon, when they disappear, and a second set "mount guard." These have their hour of attack, and then retire, and are followed by the night army, the most dreadful and venomous of all. During the intervals of the disappearance of one host, and the appearance of the next, a brief and delightful repose is given to the tortured Indians. All along a particular district of this great stream, the lower strata of air, from the surface of the ground up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet are filled with these insects to such a degree, as to give the appearance of a condensed vapor. The Indians say there are "more mosquitoes than air." The swelling caused by their bites does not disappear for several weeks. An old missionary, in accents of despair and grief, said "he had spent his twenty years of mosquitoes in America;" and his limbs were so much covered with the enduring marks of their wounds, as not to have a single spot of native whiteness about them! Some of the Indians living in these districts are so hard put to it, as to be compelled to bury themselves in sand, only leaving out their heads, which they cover with a handkerchief. A curious anecdote is related in "Loudon's Magazine of Natural History" regarding the effect of mosquito bites upon the countenance. A gentleman having indulged over-freely in wine, lay down to sleep on a sofa without the customary protection of a mosquito net. He reclined in such a way, as to expose exactly half of his face to the operations of the enemy, which soon attacked him in great numbers. His appearance the following morning was something wonderful; one side of his nose and face preserved their usual expression, but the other was so hideously contorted and swollen, as to make him appear on that side a totally different person.

Expedients for defence against these plagues are frequently almost in vain; but such as are in use it may be as well to mention. In India, mosquito curtains are the common preservatives; but woe to him who suffers even one of his little tormentors to get within his white walls! Just before retiring to rest, a kind of whisk is whirled about in the air, putting the ranks of the enemy in confusion; the favorable moment is seized, and the individual leaps into his cot, while the curtains are rapidly drawn behind him. The Indians in America go at night to sleep on islets in the midst of the cataracts, where few mosquitoes will follow them. They also anoint themselves, with turtle oil, and cover their bodies with paint and bolar earth, but are wounded through these. In some fenny districts in England, where gnats are very numerous, it is said to be the custom to wear veils. The pain of the bites may in some cases be alleviated by a solution of ammonia, or soothed by a weak lotion of hydrocyanic acid. With these remarks, we take our leave of this tiny but troublesome family.

[Chamber's Journal.

THE HORSE-SHOE-NAIL.

[From the German of MM. Grimm.]

A farmer once went to market, and, meeting with good luck, he sold all his corn and lined his purse with silver and gold. Then he thought it time to return, in order to reach home before night-fall: so he packed his money-bags upon his horse's back and set out on his journey. At noon he stopped in a village to rest; and when he was starting again the hostler, as he led out the horse, said, "Please you, sir, the left shoe behind has lost a nail." "Let it go," answered the farmer; "the shoe will hold fast enough for the twenty miles that I have still to travel. I'm in haste." So saying, he journeyed on.

In the afternoon, the farmer stopped again to bait his horse; and as he was sitting in the inn the stable-boy came, and said, "Sir, your horse has lost a nail in his left shoe behind: shall I take him to the smithy?" "Let him alone," answered the farmer; I've only six miles further to go, and the horse will travel well enough that distance. I've no time to lose."

Away rode the farmer; but he had not gone far before the horse began to limp; it had not limped far, ere it began to stumble; and it had not stumbled long, before it fell down and broke a leg. Then the farmer was obliged to leave the horse lying in the road, to unstrap his bags, throw them over his shoulder, and make his way home on foot as well as he could, where he did not arrive till late at night. "All my ill-luck" said the farmer to himself, "comes from neglect of a horse-shoe-nail!" [Playmate.

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